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# An Interview With Poul Anderson

Conducted by Paul Walker

*Is sf really a literature of ideas?*

Well, what can you say about a literature which includes Captain Future, *Venus Equilateral*, *More Than Human*, the Gallagher stories, *Mission of Gravity*, 1984, and *Beyond This Horizon* other than that 'science fiction' is so inclusive a term as to be meaningless.

Some sf is just light entertainment. Some sf commits what Ted Sturgeon once called the cardinal sins of incest and cannibalism, and drearily copies itself over and over. On the other hand, some sf will take an earlier idea and brilliantly carry it further: Fritz Leiber's *Gather, Darkness!*, for instance, which made highly original use of a phony-religion motif advanced by Heinlein. And all the best sf, like all the best fiction of any kind, mainly looks outward to the real world. It can draw inspiration from hard science, as Hal Clement does, or politics and sociology and current issues, or history or anthropology, or people, as Sturgeon does. To be sure, good sf is a small proportion of the total. But then we cite Sturgeon again, his *Revelation*, you know, about 90% of everything being crud.

Just as the detective story deserves to be judged by Conan Doyle rather than Mickey Spillane, or the love story by *Romeo and Juliet* rather than *True Confessions*, so sf deserves to be judged by its best rather than its worst; and at its best it is definitely a literature of ideas.

*Part of your reputation is that of a 'hard' science fiction writer, and yet you've written a great deal of 'hard' fantasy—sword-and-sorcery, elves, dragons, etc.—which seems incompatible with your reverence for scientific accuracy. How do you account for your fascination with mythology and fantasy?*

I don't think myth, sword-and-sorcery, way out pseudo-science, or whatever is basically different from any other kind of fiction. Rather, all fiction is fantasy, in that it deals with imaginary things. In fact, much 'realistic' fiction is far more blatantly imaginary than most of what is labelled fantasy or science fiction. For example, you can verify with an atlas that Sinclair Lewis' city of Zenity in his state of Winnemac does not exist; but you can't really prove beyond question that there are no such beings as ghosts or time travelers.

'Realistic' fiction is only fiction dealing with existent types of people, situations,



environments, etc. Now I don't put it down by any means, being an admirer of some of its practitioners such as John Cheever or Isaac Bashevis Singer. But they will undoubtedly agree that the milieus with which they deal are a very small part of the whole reality. American suburbia looks mighty exotic to an Eskimo hunter, a desert Arab, or a squatter in a Brazilian barrio! What makes good 'realism' good is its trueness to its chosen sections of life. But there are other sections of life which require other techniques; sure books like *Moby Dick* or *Huckleberry Finn* say things about man and the world which could be said in no other way.

Fantasy at its best can evoke emotions in a unique manner—a sense of awe or wonder or dread, for example, or quite often a sense of comedy. What 'realistic' novel could say the things about the human condition that *Jurgen* does? Even indifferent fantasy is usually entertaining.

Having learned the hard way to write only the kinds of thing I enjoy reading, and being desirous of trying as many of those as possible, I include fantasy in my work. The same holds for mystery, crime, historical stories, and whatever else I've done.

*But I wonder if there isn't a more basic appeal in the fantasy story: a liberation from the disorder and illogic of the 'real' world into a more perfect order and logic of an imaginary one. I wonder if the fantasy novel does not appeal to you as a novel of process, in which the point is a kind of game of logic, stating an imaginary premise and carrying it out to its imaginary conclusion.*

The orderliness—the logic, etc.—of fantasy, where premises follow from conclusions, which you suggest as one reason for favoring it, is, actually, characteristic of fiction in general. Real human affairs show little pattern; lives get changed or destroyed by senseless accidents; we think we know somebody, and then he does something utterly unexpected that changes our whole view of him. Most fiction is far more orderly. I don't mean that it's necessarily mechanical. The greatest writers often dispense with such frameworks as formal plot, for example. However, their works have structure and meaning. We can be carefully shown the depths of Anna Karenina's character, or see that Ahab's mad quest is a symbol. It

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not only gives us some relief from the chaos of life, it actually imposes an order on the sense impressions and memories we have from the real world.

Fantasy doesn't complicate the world more than 'realistic' fiction; rather it simplifies it more. Frodo's quest is infinitely more straightforward and less mysterious than Ahab's. But the chance to play with logic is indeed, as you suggest, an attractive feature of fantasy to me, just because the story can be simplified to the point where logic really works. This is true in a measure of science fiction, of course, but only in a measure. since most sf aims at a certain level of 'realism' and thus, when it depends on working out of a single premise tends to look merely grotesque.

However, not all or even most fantasy turns mainly on that game of logical development. Some can be treated with all the complications of realism, and can be as subtly psychological or symbolic. (*The Turn of the Screw*, for instance). And oftener, I think, fantasy is sheer romance, an escape into worlds which are exotic and colorful and where new things keep happening all the time.

I really like that kind of fantasy best of all, especially if it has in addition some of the logic game. The Harold Shea stories are an outstanding example; and I also love that romantic atmosphere when it occurs in science fiction, e.g. in the writings of Jack Vance.

'Hard' science is not that different either, emotionally. What can be more romantic than the world-view of astronomy and evolutionary biology?

*What of your own writing: your work habits, your hours, do you outline, take notes, revise and rewrite extensively?*

Over the years I've met a lot of writers and made somewhat of a hobby of collecting their work habits. No two have ever been alike. Therefore you mustn't generalize from me.

For me, a story may be a long while gestating; in the meantime I'll putter around the house, go for miles-long walks, garden, go boating, take a trip, or whatever. As the basic concept takes shape, I begin to see what is required, and start doing backgrounding work. This may involve library research, interviews with knowledgeable people in a given field, visits to sites, etc. But for a science fiction yarn, it's mostly a matter of sitting down and developing things. If there's to be an imaginary planet, what kind of sun does it have and what kind of orbit around it? Those two assumptions alone entail all kinds of consequences—illumination, irradiation, mean temperature, length of year. It goes on for many pages of calculations. If a result comes out that won't fit into the story, I may have to scrap a whole set of assumptions and start over.

Given the planet, what kind of terrain, water, etc.? What life forms? Intelligent natives? If so, what are they like—appearance, cultures, languages, technologies, not to speak of possible very profound differences from man?

For a novel, I write a biography of each important character. For a shorter story, this may not be necessary, though even here it's best that the characters be more than mere names. Always there's a lot which doesn't get into the manuscript for sheer lack of space.

Thus the actual writing is only the tail end of a long process and goes fairly fast. Whatever outline there may be is almost all in my head; at most, a few scribbled notes may help guide the development, which is bound to take unexpected turns. I'm at the typewriter six to eight solid hours a day, and usually work late going over the day's output with pencil, making changes till nobody can read it but me.

After several such goings-over, the first draft is put away as long as possible to cool off. Then I come back, read it through once again, and make a clean copy, with further changes on the spot as they occur to me. This goes quite fast. The second draft is again left to age a bit, then read through a couple of times, corrections being made by hand in ink since by now they are very few.

Add copy editing and proofreading in cases where a publisher wants this done. But actual typewriter time for a novel: in all, maybe a couple of months.

*You have done a number of successful series novels. How do you go about developing a series?*

Series mostly just happen, for me at any rate. A single story appears insufficient to



explore all the possibilities in an idea, so I do another. Some wear out those potentialities. Ten years went by between the third and fourth "Operation" story, because I couldn't think of a fresh approach. I do not plan on ever writing a fifth one—unless some wholly new angle comes to mind, which looks doubtful.

A 'future-history' is, by contrast, open-ended, because each story within it (or each sub-series of stories) is complete in itself and the interrelationships merely add an extra dimension for the reader who happens to have encountered several. The main problem here is avoiding inconsistencies and repetitiveness. For the timeline on which van Rijn and Flandry live, I've had to put together a thick notebook, virtually a concordance, and every new story makes it thicker.

*Have you any favorite rules, or guiding principles, in writing?*

My basic notion about writing is that there is no reason for it unless it's either a reference work or gives the reader something new, something the reader could not have predicted. Else why should the reader bother?

The 'something' may be, let's say, a recipe in a cookbook; or a line of poetry, a way of making a statement that we would never have thought of for ourselves; or a fact we didn't know before; or an event in a story; or a psychological insight into a character—anything, just so it's new and interesting. When we re-read something, it's presumably either because it has enough depth that we will find something new; or imperfect memory, being refreshed, creates that illusion; or, at least, we nostalgically try to capture a little of the thrill that newness once gave us.

Surprise need not be identical with suspense. We know Hornblower won't get killed in any story; but we want to know what actually will happen, as well as get further glimpses of a different age. And, of course, the great psychological writers can take the drabest-looking little person and show us depth after depth in him, with no more overt action than a walk to the corner grocery.

There is another element the reader wants: fairness. Even in the most hairy-chested adventure story, what happens should look plausible in terms of what went before; that is, ideally the reader should think, "My God, how is Joe Hero going to get out of that bear trap?" and then afterward, "Oh, yes, sure." This is even more true of the hero who solves his problems by his wits. The clues need not be explicitly in the text. I remember one of the old Alexander Botts yarns in which at the end he got out of a quandry by constructing a Mobius strip. Surely the average Satevepost reader had never heard of a Mobius strip; but he might have, and that was enough to satisfy. . . Even on the most elevated level, when a Huck Finn or a Dmitri Karamazov does or says something, no matter how surprising, we want to feel that this is right, that it is believable of the character as we have come to know him.

These aren't hard-and-fast rules, of course. In all kinds of human endeavor, geniuses keep breaking the rules, but they'll apply pretty well to the vast majority of competent writing. Surprise, newness, if you prefer; fairness, logic, if you prefer.

The formal plot is essentially a machine or framework for meeting these requirements. You know how that goes: Protagonist(s); problem(s); struggle(s) to resolve it (them), with complications along the way; success, partial success, or failure. Integral to the story may—or may not—be a lesson which is—or is not—learned.

Some great narratives have pretty rudimentary plots, or none whatsoever (at least in any formal sense), but they don't need it, any more than a lyric poem does. However, a work is usually better for having that underlying structure. There need be nothing mechanical about it. I do think, though, that it is best to have more than one plot thread, and the longer the story the more subplots it is apt to need, but most of these will be just minor character conflicts or developments.

As I've said, these are general rules not universal ones. It all depends on the particular piece of work and on who is doing it.

*You mentioned that you collected writers' work habits. I wonder: there are those writers who insist on writing their initial drafts in pencil, and those who use nothing but a typewriter, and still others who use a dictaphone. Based on your own experience, and speculating at will, what part do you think these devices have played in fiction writing? For*



*instance, has the typewriter 'ruined' some young writers? Or has the invention of the pencil changed the course of literature?*

I think the invention of writing was a technological development which basically changed literature—by creating it! (Consider the etymology of the word.) Before, there had been nothing except what could be carried in human heads; and in fact, poetry seems to have originated as a set of mnemonic devices more than anything else. Now there could be such things as histories and biographies (oral accounts are something else again), novels, and everything else.

No, I don't see where it makes any difference at all whether you write with a pencil or a typewriter or whatever else may suit your personal ways. Maybe the longhand writer has time to think more about each word before he puts it down; on the other hand, the typist has more time to go back over and amend a draft; so it comes to the same thing, surely.

New technologies have produced new kinds of literature. There is a sort, now common in children's books and scientific reports, where text is integral with illustrations or other graphic material. There is playwrighting. We may never had had Shakespeare's wonderful descriptions of natural scenery had painted backdrops been available to him! (But the novelist can still use such images.) There is writing for movies and television, a whole class to itself, or set of classes, with quite distinct requirements. Presumably, the future will bring new media whose scripting will call for new techniques. But none of this affects the older forms. In fact, oral composition is not dead yet. Or haven't you ever been party to a limerick-composing session?

*What is technology?*

You can define 'technology' however you wish, so I can't tell you what it is, only how I use the word. This is rather broad; let's say "The knowledge available about artificial means for acting upon the world, and/or the application of such knowledge." So if you pick up a roast fowl with your fingers and nibble the meat off with your teeth, no technology is involved (though a technique is, especially if you don't want to get grease on your shirt), but if you use a knife and fork, you're applying technology. It is merely a semantic quibble whether the first proto-man who used a bone or a rock for something, in just the form he found it, was practicing a technique or a technology; but as soon as he began systematically looking around for the right kind of objects, he'd definitely be on the threshold or a little beyond, and once he began to shape those objects for a purpose, he was absolutely in the technological area. This was long, long ago before he was anything like *Homo sapiens*—and now it turns out that chimpanzees have rudimentary technology—so it's fair to say that we evolved as technologists and that this has determined and conditioned the whole course of our evolution.

*Has technology altered the fundamental nature of man?*

Obviously technology, the fact of tools, has made man what he is. But you seem to be asking whether modern technology had made any (further) basic changes. That's really impossible to answer. For openers, what is modern technology? The most radical upheaval yet in human life goes back several millennia, to the introduction of agriculture. A peasant or a city dweller lives entirely differently from a hunter or a gatherer; he develops quite different institutions and ways of thinking. But does this change his basic nature? I'd say the sole meaningful way of phrasing that question is: "Does it change his genetic distribution?" And the answer to that isn't known and may never be really knowable. My guess is: "Probably not, at least not enough to be particularly significant." For one thing, human heredity is extremely complex; a gene doesn't go away merely because there is a certain amount of selection pressure against it; at most, its incidence in the population may be reduced somewhat. Second, it doesn't look as if there has been enough time; a few millenia aren't awfully long in a species that has only four or five generations per century. Third, men seem to retain full capabilities of going either way. That is, if their culture (and the dominant culture) allows primitive hunters are quite able to become civilized farmers or urbanites. On the other hand, civilized people can readily go back to primitivism; the



American frontier offers an obvious example in its Mountain Men and such.

In the last two or three centuries, but especially in our own, technology has been undergoing quite a drastic mutation, or miscegenation, in its use of scientific knowledge and method by its systematic promotion of scientific research. Of course, former craftsmen, architects, smiths, etc. were not idiots; quite often they made deliberate calculations, studies, and experiments which led to innovations, but the pace was slow, there was necessarily a lot of cut-and-try, the Gedankeneksperiment had little role in the process. Today, in contrast, we can not only do R&D with a battery of subtle, high-powered tools; we can work out much of the whole course of a program before any hardware has been built. The Lunar landing project is, again, merely a conspicuous example, not a unique one.

Our technology and its results have almost certainly changed our characters if not our basic natures. To plagiarize a not-yet-published novel of my own: Adequate illumination is more than a convenience; the simple-seeming freedom to sit up as late as one wants, effortlessly, must have rather deep-going psychological effects. And take medicine. Among many other things, by making infant mortality negligible, it has changed our whole attitude toward children. Traditionally, parents never dared invest much love in a baby, the first year or two; at the same time, they considered fecundity highly desirable—which it was, for them—while we not only find our kids an economic liability, we've become aware of an overpopulation problem.

I would expect further character changes to be caused by future technology. And through such means as genetic engineering or direct brain manipulation, we may very well become able, at last, to change our basic natures. I can but hope we will refrain. We aren't wise enough to tackle that.

*Man seems to have a 'religious need' and lately it has become involved in his attitude toward technology, both for it and against it. What are your views on this?*

I don't think we can generalize here. People are too variable, and psychology is still too new a science (or, in too many instances, a pseudoscience). It is an elementary observation that some people feel a strong need for a personal God, an all-embracing Cause, or something equivalent; they are Believers. Others don't; however, are they non-believers? I don't think it is possible to have no beliefs. Even the most nihilistic skeptic believes in nihilistic skepticism! In addition, he is probably quite convinced that if he doesn't eat he'll get hungry, if he doesn't breathe he'll turn blue, and so on for a long list.

Thus, man must certainly have some ideas about a world-order. He can't function without them. In earlier times, custom and myth supplied all or most of them. Joe Average was told that God, or the gods, or whatever, made the world and ruled it. He believed that; it looked reasonable, and anyway, the natural reaction of most people to a positive statement is acceptance. So Joe went through the required observances. It does not follow that he was devout. The identical personality type today believes—merely because he is told—that germs cause disease and vaccination will prevent it, and goes through with that rite, without any special emotions.

It is a very rare kind of human who can accept, not just as a verbal formula, but down in his bones, that any world-view is subject to change without notice and he may be totally in error. And even in him, how deep does it go? He not only has to assume, for working purposes, that a great many things are true; chances are, he really believes it, they are an integral part of his personal universe. At best, he may be able to change some of these beliefs, upon the presentation of suitable evidence, without too much shock, without undergoing an experience equivalent to religious conversion.

But no doubt by 'religion' you mean more than 'philosophy'; you imply some profound emotional commitment or value. It has been observed ad nauseam that Communism is a religion though it denies any supernatural element. I could name a good many other religions in that sense. Science itself, technology itself, can be; the technolater (as distinguished from the technophile) is a known type, and I'd call Olaf Stapledon's *The Star Maker* a religious book despite the absence of God in any strict sense. (Some people have even said the same about my own *Tau Zero*.) However, once again, I don't think we know enough to make any sweeping generalizations. As I've said, some individuals need a



religion in this sense, others don't, and may not even be capable of having one, whether or not they believe in a Divinity. It has been remarked that the entire Chinese civilization has never been especially religious. Pious, yes—

In fact, I think it is important to make a distinction between religion and piety, using the latter word in its original sense. But this would take us far afield.

It is certainly true for some individuals, and may be true for a scarily large part of our whole culture, that man's technology has become everything. The technolaters, then, become over-weeningly proud; to them, in effect, man can do anything, and man is all that matters. Damned dangerous: a prescription for disaster! The technophobes go to the other extreme, seeing nothing except a horrible sterility of steel and pavement, a future limited to whatever a board of directors can imagine, which isn't much.

That is, one type lacks piety and his religion is at most idolatrous. (When I said we need more science and technology of the right kinds, I meant a science which sees man in perspective, as a very small part of the universe, and a technology which shows a proper reverence for the rest of life and landscape.) The other type would, to put it most kindly, seem to lack manhood, in its clinging to the imaginary faiths and pieties of a past which never was, its copelessness—in which I include revolutionism—in the fact of present reality.

*The most effective argument for technological control that I've heard is that of Rene Dubos, the French biochemist, who rejects the notion that mankind is doomed, but warns that our deteriorating environment is resulting in the deterioration of the quality of life itself. Can even the 'right kinds' of technology, restore the quality of life?*

The 'quality of life' is a pretty ambiguous phrase. Much though I like and respect the Japanese, charming though many aspects and creations of their society are, I would find it sheer horror to be that crowded and under that kind of paternalism. But most of them like it, are in fact said to feel uncomfortable whenever they find themselves someplace where there is what an average American would call elbow room.

Restore the quality of life? Whose? If by some magic we could go back to being paleolithic hunters, no doubt certain individuals would be better off than they are in our real world; but most of us would be miserable, even if we could learn to cope with the practical tasks of survival. No books, museums, no scientific world-view, not even such athletic-typed amenities as good sailboats. . . you see?

My idea of a really high-quality life includes both cities (clean, safe, but variegated and exciting) and countryside, both rapid communication and transportation and great wildernesses, where one can go alone for days or weeks on foot, both as science and art, both liberty and law, and—as important as any of the foregoing—abundant variety, so that one person or region or country is not just a carbon copy of every other.

I don't see where technology militates against this. Rather, properly used, it can enhance it, opening many possibilities to the spirit as well as the body, that would otherwise forever be closed.

Well, of course, that has to be qualified a bit. Overpopulation certainly works against that truly human kind of life, and will, if unchecked, destroy it. And overpopulation is largely the result of medical technology. However, we have a large arsenal of technological means for controlling population, too. What we lack is the will to use this. In the past, population was kept somewhat under control by various sexual perversions including celibacy, by infanticide, and mainly by the Four Horsemen. None of these suggest a very high quality of life to me.

Likewise, there is undeniably a certain homogenizing effect in rapid travel and communication, and probably still more in the necessities of maintaining a modern technology. But none of this need be overwhelming; in fact, it doesn't seem to be. I just mentioned the Japanese as keeping, maybe even developing further a very non-Western national character; yet they are certainly at the forefront of the industrial world. Even within the USA, you still find some quite basic regional differences. They can be maintained, their possibilities explored further, as can the distinctiveness of the country as a whole—not by any artsy-fartsy 'folklore movement,' nor by any reactionary chauvinism, but

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## The International Scene

**ENGLAND** Chessmancon Awards. The British Science Fiction Award, presented by the BSFA to the best sf book of the previous year, went to Brian Aldiss for *Moment of Eclipse*. Its newly formed counterpart for weird fantasy was presented by the newly formed British Fantasy Society to Michael Moorcock for *The Knight of the Swords*.

A new idea this year was the holding of a competition for amateur sf films, and the voting for the final winner took place on the Saturday evening after the finalists had been shown. There were two joint winners, each of which will hold the Delta Trophy for 6 months. The winners were "The Horla" based upon a story by Dennis Wheatley, and made by Bill Davidson of the Selby Cine Club; and "And on the Eighth Day" by Arthur Smith of the Altringham Cine Club.

Larry Niven was Guest of Honor, and for his GoH speech, he outlined the philosophy and science behind his Nebula and Hugo winning novel *Ringworld*. Another visitor from America we were most glad to welcome back was Harry Harrison, coming to his first Eastercon in a few years.

The Doc Weir Award, presented to the most deserving fan of the year went to Jill Adams, treasurer of the BSFA.

Arthur C. Clarke. A 50 minute documentary film about the life and work of Arthur Clarke was recently made at his home in Ceylon, and was shown on network TV in Britain in April. In this program, he discusses the role he has played in the space race, both in the early days of the British Interplanetary Society, and now, when space travel is a fact, he is outlining the further development of space technology.

He also talks about the famous sf film, *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and explains his interpretation of the enigmatic ending of the film.

This film will be available for showing on American television; and you should persuade your local station to contact Tony Essex, at Yorkshire Television, Leeds 3, England about having it shown in your area.

—Gerald Bishop

**ITALY** The Italian writer Inisero Cremaschi, in the wake of his successful adaptation for Italian television of Hoyle-Elliot's *A for Andromeda*, is now editing a new hard-back sf series called *Andromeda*. First book to be published is *Ringworld* by Niven this June. *Ensign Flandry* by Anderson will follow shortly after.

—Gian Paolo Cossato

**JAPAN** SF-Festival '72 (Terracon) was held on April 29-30 in Kyoto. It was the first time that this new con-series was held in the spring, and that it had a nickname (Terracon). An old Buddhist temple named Sanko-Ji was the meeting place, and the name 'Terracon' comes from that. (Buddhist temple is 'terra' in Japanese!) Some 140 young fans and several pros gathered and stayed there. On the first day Sakyo Komatsu, Taku Mayumura (authors) and Shin Watanabe (fan) gave lectures. Then attendees enjoyed a short play composed by the con committee, an sf quiz, and 8mm films. Program for the second day consisted of auction of books and sf games of a new type. A short-short story contest was promoted by the con committee and Ryuichiro Fujiwara won the first prize. This story, "The Native Place," will be published in Uchujin no. 165.

—Takumi Shibano

**NORWAY** The biggest and oldest series of quality paperbacks in Norway, Gyldendal's *Lanternes*, celebrated its 10th anniversary the 14th of March 1972. To mark the anniversary, 3 new science fiction books appeared. One is the notable debut of 19 year old Asmund Forfang with a short story collection: *Bilen med det store hjertet* (The car with the great heart). The second is the Norwegian translation of J. G. Ballard's *Vermilion Sands*, (Norwegian title: *Luftspeil* - Mirrors of Air). This version also includes "The Singing Statues"—a story omitted in the American version. The collection is translated by Jon Bing, who also has written a critical afterword on Ballard and his writing, compiled a bibliography and an index of all references to myths, artists, etc. in the collection. The third book is an all new, all Norwegian anthology of science fiction, the first of its kind: *Malstrøm*. The anthology is a result of an invitation by Gyldendal Publishers, and resulted in 71 stories, of



which 21 stories by 17 authors are included. The jury was Sigmund Hoftun, the editor of the *Lanterne* series and authors Bing & Bringsværd. The stories are of a surprisingly high quality, and seem to have a distinct Norwegian flavor, different from the anglo-american pastiches one too often sees. Most of the authors have not been published before. The title, *Malstrøm*, is of course the maelstrom of Edgar Allan Poe's story which also is the end of Nautilus in Verne's *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. The authors included are: Gunnar Bæra, Tor Edvin Dahl, Cato N. Lindberg, Per G. Olsen, Audun Briseid, Hilde Stoltz, Reidar Jensen, Dag Ove Johansen, Roar Rindahl, Steinar Jakobsen, Jon Michelet, Sigmund Doksum, Oddvar Foss, Hallstein Moan, Terje Hoel, Knut Bjørgen, Trond Botnen. Of great interest is the index of science fiction by Norwegian authors—also the first of its kind—compiled by librarian Ola Strøm. The list goes as far back as 1684.

Also recently released by the Norwegian Book Club, the anthology *Vestenfor måne* (West off the moon) has appeared, edited by Bing & Bringsværd. This anthology is meant to be a companion volume to the *Østenfor sol* (East off the sun), published in 1968. *Vestenfor måne* includes 56 stories from all over the world except the Anglo-American countries and Scandinavia. This is an anthology of European, Asiatic, South American, etc. science fiction. Each chapter, of which there are ten, is introduced by a short rundown of the history of fantastic literature in that particular part of the world, and each story has an introduction on the author and his story. The anthology is published in a big format and is richly illustrated.

Tor Åge Bringsværd, who happily breaks most literary conventions, has recently published a new book in spite of the accepted thesis that such things only ought to be done in the autumn. The book, *Bløttkakemannen & Apache-pikene* (The fudge man & the Apache girls), includes two short stories. The first, "Bløttkakemannen vender tilbake" (Return of Fudge Man"), is a da capo played with sordin of the vivid and imaginative adventures of Fudge Man, introduced in "Bløttkakemannens dagbok" (Diary of Fudge Man) in *Probok*, 1968. The second story, "Apache-pikene farer frem over sletten. Blondt hår. Vinden" (The Apache Girls race across the plain. Blond hair. Wind.) is a fast-moving, pop-artly satire on Western Europe and the U.S.

Also published in the Fredhøis science fiction series are two novels of mediocre quality: James P. Fisher *Det store hjernerøveriet* (The great brain robbery) and A. J. Merak *Intet daggy* (The frozen planet). Both novels are translated by Thorstein Thelle.

Also, Gyldendal's Black series has published a reissue of Roald Dahl's *Someone like you*. The earlier publication was made under the hopeless Norwegian title *Sånn er vi* (Like we are), the reissue is titled *Et hode kortere* (A head shorter). Roald Dahl's books have a special interest in Norway, as he is born of Norwegian parents and still speaks fluent Norwegian. The book is translated by Peter Magnus.

The well known Norwegian author Axel Jensen, winner of Woursell's international literary prize for his utopian novel *Epp* (1965), has recently tried a comeback through a science fiction cartoon run in the Saturday issue of *Dagbladet*, Norway's biggest afternoon paper. The cartoon is called "Doktor Fantastisk" and started running March 4th. Artists are Tore Bernitz Pedersen and Roar Høyland.

—Jon Bing

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**CAMPBELL LETTERS** Harry Harrison and Willis McNelly have a contract with Bowling Green University Press to edit a collection of the letters of John W. Campbell. To be called *Brass Tacks*, the book is projected for publication in 1973, and royalties will be shared with Mrs. Campbell. The editors would like to see copies of any Campbell correspondence which might be of interest, and will pay photocopying costs. Please write to Harry Harrison (2592 Palm Avenue, San Diego, Calif. 92154) or to Dr. Willis E. McNelly (Dept. of English, California State College at Fullerton, 800 North State College Blvd., Fullerton, Calif. 92631).

—SFWA Bulletin

**LENOX HILL PRESS** Beginning with their August 1972 releases, Lenox Hill is discontinuing the science fiction novels which have been a part of their list. The price of all new titles will be \$4.95. Lenox Hill is a division of Crown Publishers, and had been publishing one science fiction title per month for the past two years.



## SF IN FRENCH & POLISH: LEM'S "CYBERIADA"

by Mark Purcell

*Cyberiada* appeared only in 1965, but in most serious sf language belts it's already an established classic with *Time Machine*, *More Than Human* and *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*. The heroes are two robot engineers, Trurl and Klapaucius, progressively evolved from the primitive age of Slimeman (us). Loosely speaking, T&K are id and super-ego: Stan and Ollie, Lewis and Dean Martin of old, Swann and Flanders. However, the real stars of *Cyberiada* are the series of screwball, Arabian-Nights kings on their isolated toy planets in an 18th century galactic world. T&K start and stop their wars (Expeditions 1, 4) or win their princesses (Exp. 4. and the end story, where one Polifaz substitutes for the two robots).

Humor is qualitatively underrated in sf, as in mainstream criticism and awards. Gallagher, Harry Purvis and Retief are all much more important in the history of sf than most of the Hugo winners. But Lem's own contribution, both here and in his more straight-faced stories, is his employment of the actual theoretical base of modern science. Take Expedition 3, where Klapaucius is hired to dispose of the neighborhood dragon. A difficult job, because as we know dragons don't exist. How do you eradicate an impossibility? So Klapaucius brings up his unlikely weapons to deprobabilize the beast. (By the way the 'beast' is Trurl in disguise, dragonmailing the citizens to collect an old fee: a weak ending for this story.) What may be incredible to some readers, is Lem's orthodoxy in his use of probability statistics. The story's not a joke in technical theory. His dragons come from configured space (p. 70, Paris edition, which I'm reviewing) as do electrons. But dragons are of course statistically more probable, as they manifest their impossibility as individuals; ask any knight or princess. Electrons can't do this.

Probably the book's trickiest plot (Exp. 5) concerns Baleryon, a practical-joking king who gets loose in his capital city with a personality-exchange machine. If he prongs you with a horn mechanism, you become him (mentally) and he becomes you. Bodies stay the same, so outsiders can only learn of the exchange by post-pronging behavior. When the king unleashes this gadget, he gradually begins transmitting himself through the bodies of all his subjects. He casually mentions that he intends to end in the body of a virgin, giving the gay basis of his type of personality and providing one of the few bits of Freudianism in *Cyberiada*. The story ends in a really fine confrontation, worthy of the solution in a vintage Carr or Christie. Klapaucius traps King Baleryon (presently in the police chief's body) by convincing the king-cop that he, Klapaucius, isn't Klapaucius despite appearances, but a visiting millionaire shipper complete with hidden treasure, who has changed minds with old K. The king is deceived, K prongs him, they switch minds, and the king as real K disguised as fake K, is arrested by real K disguised as the police chief (no, not as the king!—did you lose me?)

Like most of the other stories, this reveals a basis in classical folklore with the unicorn-Protean themes. Other sources seem to be Rabelais and the Arabian Nights. For many *Cyberiada* stories, there are analogues with modern American sf, with which Lem is familiar: compare Expedition 7 with Sturgeon's "Microcosmic God." Expedition 6 ends with a huge catalogue of falling objects. Was this suggested to Lem by Blish's 1952 "Beanstalk," by Blish's source Joyce, by Joyce's source Homer, or simply by the scata-logic of the story's main theme?

Most of the best modern sf has so far been written within the conventions of the realistic novel in its post-1700 form. *Cyberiada* suggests that the conventions of classical epic, fantasy and allegory are at least as useful for writing fiction about ideas. (The technical reason is that the author can better control the actual amount of specific detail he needs to input for credibility.) For example, look at Expedition 6, a pirate-in-space story; the brigand incidentally steals information, not jewels and gold, as more valuable. This story illustrates what I choose to call, arrogantly enough, the New Wave of Honest SF: several styles of prose, several fields of information, a fully developed theme that organizes the whole story; and funny, exactly like "Internal Affair" in *Retief of the CDT*.

CYBERIADA, Cracow 1965; many translations, including Paris (Denœl), June 1968. An enlarged Polish edition is announced.



Contents: Expedition I: Gargancian's Trap; I-A: Trurl's Electrolyre; II: King Okrucius' Proposal; III: The Dragons of Likelihood; IV: How Trurl's femitrone saved Prince Pantarktyk from his love-pangs; why a nursling-cannon was needed; V: King Baleryon's games; V-A: Trurl's consultation; VI: How T&K created a beta-class demon to conquer the pirate Gebon; VII: How perfection led Trurl to error; Tale of King Genalion and the three storytelling machines ('novelette'); Extract...Prince Ferryry and Princess Crystal.

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## LEM IN ENGLISH & FRENCH: A CHECKLIST

Probably no people in this country are more up to date about Stanislaw Lem than LUNA's readers, since the European newsletter comes from his agent, Franz Rottensteiner. (Herr R. also did the separate Lem profile. LUNA Monthly 12/71.) But 24 years after Lem's first publication back in Poland, his U.S. translation and distribution is a coagulated mess, a real tribute to our healthy economy. Translations of his best books have been postponed, apparently, by last winter's financial problems at Ace (LUNA Monthly 12/71) and McGraw-Hill.

For the original Polish, Darko Suvin wrote a useful biographo-checklist in his afterword to the two American editions of the one Lem novel in English, *Solaris* (Walker, Berkley). Good through 1969, Suvin's checklist was written without checking the Polish-language editions collectively available in our big college libraries. So his dates are often wrong a year or so. But Suvin has a convenient numbering system for chronologizing Lem's books. I use it below. (For instance, *Solaris*, 1961, becomes Lem-9.) Aside from the minor misdatings, Suvin's numbered list has two important omissions. For no good reason, he doesn't count in Lem's huge, prize-winning, non-sf novel, *Time Saved*. (He discusses it though.) Apparently he hadn't heard of the short 1948 novel, *Man From Mars*. Suvin's omissions are corrected and his overall list updated to 1971 in Rottensteiner's LUNA profile.

To be familiar with Lem, learn Polish, German or Russian (where half his sales occur). But even French adds much of his best material, so I throw in the four translations so far published. This includes the excellent anthology, *Le brevière des robots*, published 1/67 in Denoël's famous Presence du Futur series. In English, Lem's important anthology appearance is as the star of Darko Suvin's Iron Curtain sf *Other Seas, Other Shores*, for Random House, 1970. You can find three Lem shorts scattered through issues of the Polish English-language review, *Polish Perspectives*. Our big college libraries subscribe to this. Anyway, here are the Polish titles so far put in English and/or French, in whole or considerable part.

**COMPLETE BOOKS:** (French) Lem-1, *Astronauts*, Hachette; Lems-9 and 15. *Solaris* (novel) and *Cyberiad* (collection), both Denoël. Counting *Breviære*, the three Denoëls are in print, supposedly. The French *Solaris* provided the text for our one English novel, not the original Polish. As for Lem-1, ask your French secondhand dealer for it under the title *Feu-Venus* (1962, French).

**SELECTED STORIES:** I'll begin with the original collections being raided. Lem-4, *Star Diaries of Ijon Tichy* c.1958, 11 stories, 7 available (Anglo-French). Of the eight Ijona Tichygo voyages in *Star*, Suvin anthologized two. *Breviære* has four more. "Are You There, Mr. Jones?" appeared in *Vision of Tomorrow* (defunct) 8/69. Incidentally, "Jones" is the only Lem credit, 1951-70. in MIT's two computerized sf indices.

Lem-5, *Invasion from Aldebaran*, 1959, 9 stories, 4 available. Suvin has "Patrol"; *Breviære* includes "The Friend," "The Hammer," and "Night and Mildew." Post 1958 Tichygo voyages appear in *Breviære* and *Polish Perspectives* 12/66. *Perspectives* (2/64, 10/71) also reprints "Washing-Machine Tragedy" from Lem-12. *Lunar Night*, and "Sexplosion," one of the 'reviews' of fictional books in *Hard Vacuum*. The other Suvin selection is "Computer That Fought with a Dragon," I think from Lem-14, *Robotic Fables*.

Some hypothetical English Lems: Ace once had a 4/72 date for Lem-13, *Invincible*, the title novelette of a collection. But it's not listed in the recent *Forthcoming Books*, good through 7/72. It appears the French translation (LUNA 10/71) will be out first.

*Continued on Page 18*



## THE OTHER DERLETHS

by Paul Spencer

"Who's August Derleth?" asked someone at a 1969 meeting of the New York Science Fiction Society, after it was announced that Derleth was gravely ill. A surprising question to ask about so famous a man; yet the answer is far from obvious. For Derleth was several different people—all of them remarkable. Now that he's gone, it's deceptively easy for us of the fantasy world to remember him only as the head of Arkham House and the high priest of the Lovecraft cult. There was a great deal more to him than that.

Not that his publishing activities were of minor importance. By themselves, the dozens of distinguished volumes from Arkham House and its alter ego, Mycroft and Moran, would constitute a worthy life work. Today's fans may take such books for granted, but we who remember back before *The Outsider and Others* must acknowledge with gratitude that Arkham House made many a seemingly hopeless dream come true. And Lovecraftians' debt to Derleth is beyond calculating.

Fans should recall, too, that Derleth was among the most creative and tasteful early anthologists of science fiction and fantasy. His *Strange Ports of Call*, *Beyond Time and Space*, *Sleep No More*, *The Sleeping and the Dead*, and others are classics of their kind (and ought, by the way, to be kept in print).

But Derleth's own fantasy fiction richly deserves attention. Extremely voluminous, it's grossly uneven in merit, but the best is worthy of wider recognition. He wrote fantasy on the sausage machine principle, of course, grinding out stories for *Weird Tales* and kindred magazines regularly and in quantity. The majority, as he acknowledged, were mediocre; yet a substantial number were gems. See, for example, the only current paperback of his non-Lovecraftian weirds, *Mr. George and Other Odd Persons*, one of his best collections. His now-scarce Arkham volume *Someone in the Dark* is also an excellent cross-section of his macabre stories, and should be paperbacked. Other examples can be found in many an anthology of supernatural horror.

His non-Cthulhu weirds are restrained and elegant, with strong human interest—at the opposite pole from the orotund and melodramatic tales of Lovecraft. Derleth's language is simple, his effects understated. Careful attention is paid to characterization, background, and construction. Derleth makes no attempt to create eerie worlds of the imagination; he introduces an element of the uncanny into a realistic setting inhabited by believable people. Though the result is sometimes bland, frequently skill of presentation combines with novelty of concept and a touch of the sardonic to produce such memorable tales of genteel ghastliness as "The Panelled Room," "The Satin Mask," "Mr. George," "Bishop's Gambit," and quite a few more.

Derleth conceded the early influence of M. R. James and Mary E. Wilkins-Freeman, but with experience he gained more originality—compare the fine but often derivative tales in *Someone in the Dark* or *Something Near* with the distinctive mature work in *Mr. George* or *Lonesome Places*. If his best weird stories were to be culled from the scores of run-of-the-mill ones, they would constitute a truly distinguished collection. The task should be undertaken, for a memorial volume.

Yet, despite Derleth's lifelong enthusiasm for fantasy in all its forms, his interests and deeds went far beyond. He was a devotee of mystery fiction, literary classics, comic strips, music, history, and—above all—the world of nature, including mankind. Though a literary man in excelsis (author, editor, publisher, anthologist, reviewer, lecturer), he was no ivory tower esthete. A man of superhuman energy, and fanatical in organizing his time, he kept up a dizzyingly diversified round of activities: meditative explorations of the Wisconsin countryside, wide acquaintanceships with fellow residents of Sauk City, service on the School Board, work in local politics, involvement with young people, and intense relationships with the opposite sex. Within the chosen limitations of his small-town environment, he was superbly equipped to write about almost anything, and he did so.

In the field of the detective story, for example, Derleth made two substantial contributions. Between 1934 and 1953 he created a series of highly readable mystery novels featuring Judge Ephraim Peck, with a vivid background of Midwestern small-town life. And



throughout his career he wrote those lovingly skillful pastiches, the tales of Solar Pons, "the Sherlock Holmes of Praed Street," which won high praise from Holmesian scholars and the distinction of their own fan club, the Praed Street Irregulars.

In the broader realms of literature, Derleth was a minor but well-respected poet—praised by such literary lights as Edgar Lee Masters, Jesse Stuart, and William Rose Benét. His verses were often jotted down quickly during his regular walks through woods and fields, and are characteristically diversified in content and quality. His love poems tend to be strained and curiously impersonal, but the poems that deal with the sweep of history as seen from Midwestern America have eloquence and deep feeling. His vignettes of townsfolk, though indebted to Masters' *Spoon River Anthology*, are pointed and perceptive. Best, though, are the nature poems. Here the major influence is Robert Frost, but on their own merits the poems of nature are often striking in phrase, sensitive in thought and feeling. The key elements are a sense of kinship with all the other forms of life that companion us on this planet and a humble awareness of man's microscopic role in the vast and enigmatic scheme of things. In verse as in fantasy fiction, Derleth both demands careful sifting and deserves it.

The crux of his serious work, however, was the Sac Prairie Saga. Though this includes some poetry and nonfiction, the heart of it is the novels, novellas, and short stories. By presenting in literary form the history of Sauk City ('Sac Prairie') from its founding around 1840 until about 1950, the Saga attempts to express in miniature the essence of all humanity. Scarcely a modest undertaking—nor was it fully achieved. It fell victim to Derleth's determination to support himself by writing. To maintain a steady income, work on the Saga often had to be postponed or skimmed while Derleth wrote weird fiction, mystery stories, juveniles, or routine nonfiction. The Saga constitutes, nevertheless, an imposing accomplishment. True, Derleth worked into it some of his minor work as well as much of his best, so that here again there are hills and dales of quality. Yet anyone who falls under the spell of this mammoth work will probably find all of it, to some degree, rewarding.

To Derleth, the best things in the Saga were the modern books, the ones closest to his own experience: *Evening in Spring*, *The Shield of the Valiant*, *The Moon Tenders*, *Village Year*, *Country Growth*, *Walden West*, and a few more. He deprecated his historical novels as 'contrivances.' They may, however, be his finest works. (This includes the subsidiary Wisconsin Saga—historical novels set outside Sac Prairie but closely allied to those in the main cycle, even to some overlapping of characters.)

Derleth's historicals are unlike most others. They're not epic panoramas, boudoir romances, or swashbucklers. Though the Indian wars play a role in them, battle scenes are few. Sexual relationships are presented realistically, not glamorously or pornographically. There are no dashing heroes and few villains. With painstaking accuracy, Derleth depicts crucial events in the development of Wisconsin, linked with crises in the lives of his characters. The conflict is usually moral. The protagonist typically is a gentle but resolute man of good will and intelligence who battles, not always successfully, against forces of greed or stupidity. Sometimes the battle is between the protagonist's ambitions and his own weaknesses. The story-line is worked out in a counterpoint of the central character's personal life, the evolution of the white man's civilization, and the cycles of nature.

Derleth's use of the natural background is especially characteristic and impressive. Long before the general outcry about 'ecology,' August Derleth was writing in his quiet way about human beings as part of the great web of Earth. Unobtrusively, he contrasts the problems of his mortal and fallible characters with the vast, impersonal heartbeat of the world. The seasons come and go, the countryside endures, the stars wheel about the heavens, while the transient human tragicomedy is enacted. And one reads from book to book (for Derleth is addictive) with a growing consciousness of humanity's gnawings at life's fabric—what is now referred to as 'polluting the environment.' The inexorable pushing-back of the Indians seems to symbolize this process of decay. Yet, simultaneously, one is made to perceive the enduring power of the best in man.

In these historical works, then, Derleth pays tribute to courageous decency in the face of difficulties and temptations—and he shows man always as part of nature, pursuing a



destiny often in conflict with nature but never independent of it. Without reaching profound philosophical depths, these books are far from superficial. And their extreme vividness, their intense communication of life as, one feels, it must actually have been lived, creates a sense of directly experiencing a bygone world as real as our own. *Wind Over Wisconsin*, *Restless Is the River*, *Bright Journey*, *Still Is the Summer Night*, and others are potent combinations of authentic history and timeless drama, of regionalism and universality.

Those modern works which Derleth favored share some of these qualities. They tend, on the other hand, to be more intimate, encompassing smaller periods of time and often reflecting Derleth's own experiences and opinions. Sometimes, as in *Village Year* and *Walden West*, they're straight factual reporting—though 'straight' is probably not quite the word for the complex interweaving of themes that gives continuous fascination to not very closely related incidents of village life. More often, Derleth fictionizes, though seldom departing far from the literal facts. The stories, long and short, depend chiefly on characterization. Some are love stories, others (notably *The Shield of the Valiant*) involve social problems, and many of the best are comedies. Derleth had a robust and irreverent sense of humor, roused most often by human idiocy. Such works as *Evening in Spring* (a tale of Derleth's own boyhood) and the skillfully wrought tales of the eccentric Gus Elker are full of mirth. There are shadows in the stories, too: awareness of time's relentless passage, and sensitivity to the crippling frustrations in the lives of ordinary people. Yet beneath the sombre picture of decaying old families in *Place of Hawks*, the pathos of lost opportunity in "Any Day Now" and "The Telescope," the compassion for everyday tragedy in "Mr. C," one feels the consolation of life's eternal renewal.

Derleth had, of course, faults and limitations. He could be repetitious, and sometimes in his rush to get as much done as possible he skimmed on the final polishing of his prose. The historicals, in particular, can be wordy and slow-moving. His later work, though, shows much improvement in this respect, and his short stories were always models of economy. The juveniles he wrote after World War II, notably the charming Sac Prairie detective tales of Steve and Sim, appear to have been excellent discipline in helping him achieve concision. In any case, the faults of his 'mainstream' books are incidental, their virtues exceptional.

Not merely a prolific and versatile entertainer, Derleth at his best was an original, eloquent, and penetrating author with an unsentimentally healthy view of life. Though his reputation and markets declined in recent years, now seems an appropriate time to reassess his works and, very likely, assign to them a modest but honored place in American literature. One hopes that his fellow devotees of 'the domain of the macabre' will take part.

For in these days of violence and near-despair, reflected with such depressing accuracy in our contemporary literature, all of us can profit from the wisdom, the laughter, and the gentle strength of the many-talented August Derleth.

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**SF INDEX** The *SF Index*, a comprehensive bibliography of science fiction and fantasy books, has been announced for 1974 publication by the Gale Research Company, reference book publishers. The project will be directed by Mr. R. Reginald, and he indicates the index will not be based on any previously published material, but will be compiled anew from public and private collections and the standard library trade tools. An attempt will be made to list all English language first editions, together with any subsequent title changes. Separate sections are planned for pseudonyms and biographies of selected authors, plus an annotated bibliography of science fiction reference works.

Those wishing either to help or to learn more about the book should contact the editor at his home, Hill House, 379 Edgerton Drive, San Bernardino, Calif. 92405; or meet him personally at LACon.

**COLEMAN RELEASED** James Nelson Coleman, author of two published sf novels, was released on parole from the Chillicothe Correctional Institution on June 15, after having served over ten years of a life sentence for unarmed burglary. He promptly made his first public appearance on the fan scene at Midwestcon. His new address is 11301 Ada Avenue, No. 6, Cleveland, Ohio 44108.



# Coming Attractions

F&SF - - August

## Serial

The Brave Free Men, by Jack Vance

## Novellette

To Gild a Unicorn, by William Lee

## Short Stories

Basilisk, by Harlan Ellison

Engineer to the Gods, by John Sladek

Jelna, by Jerry Sohl

Gigolo, by Ron Goulart

If At First You Don't Succeed, by Charles E. Fritch

## Science

Doctor, Doctor, Cut My Throat, by Isaac Asimov

Cover by Leo and Diane Dillon for "Basilisk"

F&SF - - September

## Novellettes

What Good Is a Glass Dagger? by Larry Niven

The Voices, by James E. Gunn

## Short Stories

A Sweet Little Pool of Low Cost Labor, by Gene Kearny

Brood Force, by John Sladek

The Wish, by J. W. Schutz

Thus Love Betrays Us, by Phyllis MacLennan

## Science

The World, Ceres, by Isaac Asimov

Cover by Vincent di Fate for "What Good Is a Glass Dagger?"

ORBIT 11 - - August

Alien Stones, by Gene Wolfe

Spectra, by Vonda N. McIntyre

I Remember a Winter, by Frederik Pohl

Doucement, S'il Vous Plait, by James Sallis

The Summer of the Irish Sea, by C. L. Grant

Goodbye Shelley, Shirley, Charlotte, Charlene, by Robert Thurston

Father's in the Basement, by Philip Jose Farmer

Down by the Old Maelstrom, by Edward Wellen

Things Go Better, by Geo. Alec Effinger

Dissolve, by Gary K. Wolf

Dune's Edge, by Edward Bryant

The Drum Lollipop, by Jack M. Dann

Machines of Loving Grace, by Gardner R. Dozois

They Cope, by Dave Skal

Counterpoint, by Joe W. Haldeman

Old Soul, by Steve Herbst

New York Times, by Charles Platt

The Crystallization of the Myth, by John Barfoot

To Plant a Seed, by Hank Davis

On the Road to Honeyville, by Kate Wilhelm

*For the Record*

ANALOG - - July

## Novellettes

Collision Course, by S. Kye Boulton

Count Down, by Laurence M. Janifer

The Mercenary, by Jerry Pournelle

## Short Stories

Man Off a White Horse, by Howard L. Myers

Monster in the Waterhole, by Glenn L. Gillette

Unfair Trade, by Patrick Welch

## Science Fact

The Future of Automotive Power Plants, by R. G. Cleveland

## Editorial

Three Can Play

Cover by John Schoenherr for "Collision Course"

*Current Issue*

ANALOG - - August

## Serial

The Pritcher Mass, by Gordon R. Dickson

## Novellette

Nanda, by Gary Alan Ruse

## Short Stories

Budnip, by Jack Wodhams

Power to the People, by Wade Curtis

Three-Tour Man, by Joseph Green

Long Shot, by Vernor Vinge

## Science Fact

The Computer Was a Fish, by George R. R. Martin

## Editorial

The Disasters That Weren't

Cover by Kelly Freas for "The Pritcher Mass"



*For the Record*  
FANTASTIC - - June

Serial

Beyond the Redemption, by Gordon Eklund

Short Stories

A Taste of Immortality, by Alexei Panshin

Mister Cherubim, by Dennis O'Neil

Section-1, by Robert E. Toomey

Breaking In, by Barry N. Malzberg

SF in Dimension

The Resurrection of SF, by Alexei Panshin

Cover by John Pederson, Jr.

*Current Issue*  
FANTASTIC - - August

Serial

The Forges of Nainland Are Cold, by Avram Davidson

Novelette

The Witches of the Mists, by L. Sprague deCamp & Lin Carter

Short Stories

Forever to a Hudson Bay Blanket, by James Tiptree Jr.

Allowances, by Barry N. Malzberg

The Brink, by Bob Shaw

Agony and Remorse of Rhesus IX, by Ova Hamlet

SF in Dimension

Mastery of Space and Time (1926-1935) by Alexei & Cory Panshin

Cover by Jeff Jones

JULY/AUGUST ACE TITLES

Asimov, Isaac The Stars in their Courses. 78455, July \$1.25

Norton, Andre Exiles of the Stars. 22365, July 95¢

Bulmer, Kenneth Roller Coaster World. 73438, July 75¢

Shaw, Bob Other Days, Other Eyes. 64240, July 95¢

Burroughs, Edgar Rice The Monster Men. 53588, July 75¢

Darnton, Clark Perry Rhodan 15: Escape to Venus. 65984. July 60¢

Bulmer, Kenneth The Chariots of Ra / Earthstrings by John Rackham. 10293, July 95¢

Leiber, Fritz The Big Time. 06221, August 75¢

Shols, W. W. Perry Rhodan 16: Secret Barrier X. 65986, August 75¢

Zebrowski, George The Omega Point. 62380, August 75¢

Campbell, John W. The Black Star Passes. 06701, August 75¢

Ferman, Edward L., ed. The Best from Fantasy and Science Fiction: 18th Series. 05457, August 75¢

Reynolds, Mack Blackman's Burden, and Border, Breed nor Birth. 06612, August 95¢

JULY/AUGUST BERKLEY TITLES

Coulson, Juanita Door into Terror (gothic) S2183, July 75¢

Bodelsen. Anders Freezing Down. S2186, July 75¢

Offutt, Andrew J. The Castle Keeps. S2187, July 75¢

Ballard, J. G. Chronopolis. Z2212, August \$1.25

Boyd, John The Last Starship from Earth. S2214, August 75¢

FALL CROWN JUVENILES

Hirsh, Marilyn George and the Goblins. October \$4.95

Crawford, Deborah Franz Kafka: Man Out of Step. November \$4.95

JULY/AUGUST DAW TITLES

Davis, Richard. ed. The Year's Best Horror Stories. UQ1013, July 95¢

Dick, Philip K. We Can Build You. UQ1014, July 95¢

Biggle, Lloyd Jr. The World Menders. UQ1015, July 95¢

Phillifent, John T. Genius Unlimited. UQ1016, July 95¢

Edmondson, G. C. Blue Face (orig: Chapeyeca) UQ1017, August 95¢

Tubb, E. C. Century of the Manikin. UQ1018, August 95¢

Ball, Brian N. The Regiments of Night. UQ1019, August 95¢

Hubbard, L. Ron Ole Doc Methuselah. UQ1020, August 95¢

HARCOURT BRACE FALL TITLES

Clarke, Arthur C. Earthlight. August \$5.95

Wrightson, Patricia An Older Kind of Magic (juv) September \$4.95

Leichman, Seymour The Wicked Wizard



and the Wicked Witch (juv) October \$4.95  
 Priestley, J. B. Snoggle (juv) October \$4.95  
 Walker, Alexander Stanley Kubrick Directs (exp. ed) HB242, October \$3.95  
 Clarke, Arthur C. The Lion of Comarre, and Against the Fall of Night. HPL56, October \$1.45

#### HARPER FALL JUVENILES

Funai, Mamoru Moke and Poki in The Rain Forest. October \$2.50  
 Hoban, Russell The Sea-Thing Child. September \$3.95  
 Lightfoot, Gordon The Pony Man. October \$5.50  
 Hillerman, Tony Thes Boy Who Made Dragonfly: a Zuni Myth. October \$4.50  
 Lawrence, Louises The Power of Stars. October \$4.50  
 Poole, Josephine The Visitor. October \$3.95

#### LANCER AUGUST/SEPTEMBER TITLES

Williamson, Jack The Humanoids. 75362, August 95¢  
 Howard, Robert E. & Lin Carter King Kull. 75361, August 95¢  
 Mason, David Kavin's World. 75372, August 95¢  
 The Return of Kavin. 75361, August 95¢  
 Vance, Jack The Dying Earth. 75373. September 95¢

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INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE FANTASY ART EXHIBITION ISFAE will again handle the Art Show at LA Con, under able director Bjo Trimble. Artists who need information, entry forms, etc. should send a SASE to Bjo (P.O. Box 74866, Los Angeles, Calif. 90004. Do not send art work to this address. Deadline for receipt of art is 10 am Friday, September 1. It may be brought in to the Art Show room in person, or mailed in time to meet the deadline to: ISFAE, c/o John Trimble, 3750 Noakes, Los Angeles, Calif. 90023.

A new art award will be presented at LA Con this year. Donald Reed of the Count Dracula Society is offering it for the best gothic and supernatural theme art in the show.

HARCOURT-PUTNAM MERGER Harcourt Brace Jovanovich has acquired G. P. Putnam's Sons, the 138-year-old publishing house which has issued books from Washington Irving to Mario Puzo. However the acquisition is somewhat of an industry puzzler since Putnam's is regarded as a highly active trade book house. Both firms, of course, publish science fiction.

AN INTERVIEW WITH POUL ANDERSON continued from Page 7  
 by simple knowledge of and respect for one's own traditions.

It seems that your question about technology and the quality of life is best answered by another: "We've got this instrumentality. We can do practically anything with it. What shall we do?"

Anderson, Poul Ensign Flandry. 75374, September 95¢  
 Moorcock, Michael The Sleeping Sorceress. 75375, September 95¢  
 The Dreaming City. 75376, September 95¢  
 Asimov, Isaac Building Blocks of the Universe. 33024, September \$1.25  
 Of Time and Space and Other Things. 33023, September \$1.25

#### POPULAR LIBRARY SEPTEMBER TITLES

Tralins, Robert Ghoul Lover. 01558 75¢  
 Long, Frank Belknap The Night of the Wolf. 01562 75¢

#### FALL PUTNAM TITLES

Harrison, Harry & Brian W. Aldiss, eds. Best SF: 1971. August \$5.95  
 Herbert, Frank The God Makers. September \$5.95  
 Knight, Damon, ed. Orbit 11. August \$5.95  
 Laumer, Keith Night of Delusions. October \$5.95

#### SF BOOK CLUB SUMMER

Biggle, Lloyd Jr. The Metallic Muse. \$1.49 Summer  
 Maine, Charles Eric Alph. \$1.49 Summer  
 Brunner, John From This Day Forward. \$1.49 August  
 Cooper, Edmund The Overman Culture. \$1.49 August



# Coming Events

The following is the list of conventions forthcoming in the months ahead. We expect to return with our monthly list of meetings and conventions next issue, covering activities for the month of September.

## August

- 3-6 DETROIT TRI-CON at the Pick Fort Shelby Hotel. Adv. reg: \$4, \$5 at door. For info: Tri-Con, 9010 Westwood Ave, Detroit, Mich. 48228
- 4-6 LEXICON-I at the Lexington Sheraton Motor Inn, 727 Marrett Rd, Lexington, Mass. 02173. Reg. (at pool): 99¢ For info: NESFA, P.O. Box G, MIT Branch Sta, Cambridge, Mass. 02139
- 11-13 SYNCON 2 at the Squire Motor Inn, Bondi Junction, Sydney. GoH: Lesleigh Luttrell. Reg. at door: \$5. For info: Syncon 2, G.P.O. Box 4593, Sydney NSW 2001, Australia
- 19-20 MEICON-2, 11th annual Japanese SF Convention, in Nagoya. Reg: \$3.50 supporting, \$9.50 attending. For info: Meicon-2 Committee, c/o Masaya Okada, 1-16, Harusato-cho, Chikusa-ku, Nagoya, Japan
- 25-27 BUBONICON 2 in Albuquerque. New Mexico. For info: Pat McCraw, 7508 Bellrose N.E., Albuquerque, N.M. 87110
- 25-27 ATLANTISCON at Howell House, Atlanta, Ga. GoH: Hal Clement. Reg: \$4. For info: Atlantiscon, 1669 Clairmont Rd. N.E., Decatur, Ga. 30033

## September

- 1-4 LACON at the International Hotel, 6211 W. Century Blvd, Los Angeles, Calif. 90045. GoH: Fred Pohl. Fan GoH: Robert & Juanita Coulson. Reg: \$10 at door. For info: LACon, Box 1, Santa Monica. Calif. 90406
- 2-4 NEWCON '72. comic art convention at the Sheraton Boston. GoH: Jim Steranko. Reg: \$3 at door. For info: Newcon, P.O. Box 3184, Brockton, Mass.

- 4-10 WORLD FUTURE RESEARCH CONFERENCE in Bucharest, Romania. For info: Directorate of the Third World Future Research Conference, Bucharest I, Calea Victoriei 125, Romania

## October

- 6-8 SYRACON at the Syracuse Country House, Syracuse, N.Y. GoH: Dean R. Koontz. Adv reg: \$3, \$5 at door. For info: Dan Steffan, Woodfield Rd, Cazenovia, N.Y. 13035
- 6-9 SECON V at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa. For info: SFRA, c/o Fred Lerner, 7 Amsterdam Ave, Teaneck, N.J. 07666
- 19-22 DETROIT TRIPLE FAN FAIR/STAR TREK CON at the Detroit Hilton. Adv. reg: \$3, \$4 at door. For info: D.T.F.F., 14845 Anne, Allen Park, Mich. 48101
- 20-22 CAPCON at State University of N.Y. in Albany, N.Y. Reg: \$3.50 For info: Capital District SF Fan Federation, Box 801, Albany, N.Y. 12201
- 21-22 MILEHICON at the Sheraton Airport Inn, Quebec St, Denver, Colo. Reg: \$1 participating, \$2 non-participating. For info: DASFA, c/o Doris M. Beetem, 4161 W. Eastman, Denver, Colo. 80236

## November

- 17-19 PHILCON in Philadelphia, Pa. Principal Speaker: John Brunner. For info: Ron Stoloff, 10714 Haldeman Ave, Philadelphia, Pa. 19116
- 24-26 CHAMBANACON 2 in Champaign-Urbana, Illinois. GoH: Keith Laumer. Adv. reg: \$3, \$4 at door. For info: Don Blyly, 825 W. Russell, Peoria, Ill. 61606

Information supplied in this list is the latest available to us, including all changes received prior to closing date.

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LEM IN ENGLISH & FRENCH: A CHECKLIST continued from Page 11

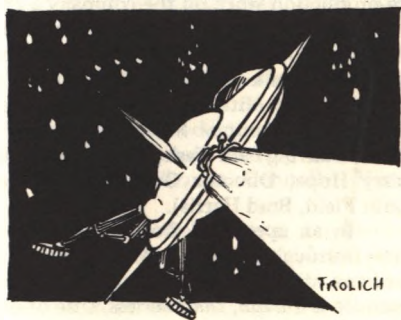
Rottensteiner ran some enthusiastic columns here, cf. his profile, about a 10-book contract arranged with Herder and Herder, New York. Well, guess who bought out Herder and Herder? Right, McGraw-Hill, and you know who got their spare cash last winter. So as I say, learn Polish, German or Russian; or at least write McGraw-Howard Hughes-Hill some politely urgent letters about unleashing their Herder & Herder Lems.

—Mark Purcell



## Have You Read?

- Asimov, Isaac "The Manhattan Project" TV Guide, May 6 p.12-13+  
 "The Ultimate Speed Limit" Saturday Review, July 8 p.53-6
- Beck, Robert E. "A Case for Supernatural Literature and Communication" English Journal, May p.673-6
- Block, Betty "Mother's Day—2005 A.D." (play) Plays, May p.35-42
- Bryant, Ed "How to Select a Writers' Conference" Writers Digest, May p.28-9+
- Cocks, Jay "Bad Spirits" (Possession of Joel Delaney) Time, June 5 p.87-8
- Deneroff, Harvey R. "Frankenstein's Bloodymonster" (Independent International) The Herald, May 19, p.12
- Ditlea, Steve "The Effects of 'Silent Running'" The Herald, April 14 p.11
- "Double Trouble" (The Other) Time, June 5 p.8+
- Ellison, Harlan "Harlan Ellison on 'Silent Running'" The Staff, March 31 p.6+
- Farber, Stephen "'Slaughterhouse': Return to Shangri-La?" New York Times, June 11 p.D13
- "The Future of Sex" (Westercon panel) The Staff, April 7 p.26+; April 21 p.29+
- Geerdes, Clay "Repressed Horror Tales Revived by Collectors" The Staff, March 31 p.11+
- Giametti, A. Bartlett "Marlowe: The Arts of Illusion" (Doctor Faustus) Yale Review, Summer p.530-43
- Grassi, Alfredo Julio "El Futuro nos Agrede" Revista La Nacion (Argentina), April 9 p.19
- Kerbel, Michael "A Watering Can Out in Space" (Silent Running) Village Voice, May 4 p.85
- Lear, John "The Search for Man's Relatives Among the Stars" Saturday Review, June 10 p.30-7
- Leon, Antonio Tony "The Cosmonauts" (story) Américas, March p.38-9
- Merrill, Sam "Kurt Vonnegut, jr: His Memories and his Pall Malls" (interview) Metropolitan Review, May 18 p.10-11+
- "A Newspaper Says No to 'Orange'" New York Times, April 23 p.11+
- "The Occult: A Substitute Faith" Time, June 19 p.62-8
- "Onward and Apeward" (Planet of the Apes series) Time, June 5 p.62
- Patterson, Lindsay "T-baby" (story) Es-  
 sence, May p.70-1+
- Paul, William "Tense to the Jumping Beans" (The Other) Village Voice, June 15 p.68
- Platt, Charles "Science Fiction" New York Ace, June 6 p.18+
- Pousner, Michael "The New Dark Look in Horror Films: Ultraviolent" Daily News, April 18 p.48
- Samuels, Charles Thomas "The Context of A Clockwork Orange" The American Scholar, Summer p.439-43
- Sexton, Peggy "Interplanetary Outreach: Take Us to Your Readers!" Wilson Library Bulletin, June p.921-3
- Silber, Irwin "Escaping Into the Future" (Slaughterhouse-five) Guardian, April 19
- Singer, Bob "In the Mountains of Madness" (The Saragossa Manuscript) The Herald, April 21 p.16
- "Slaughter House-Five—Too Lame, Too Late" The Herald, April 7 p.14
- Sturgeon, Theodore "If...?" (reviews) New York Times Book Review, May 14 p.33
- Whitney, Dwight "Rod Serling" TV Guide, June 3 p.28-30+
- Williams, Douglas N. "Auto News of the Future; or, Let's Start Horsing Around" (2001) Iron Age, May 4 p.23
- Wilson, Colin "Colin Wilson on Aldous Huxley" Spectator, March 25
- Windsor, John "Fi in the Sci" Guardian, April 7 p.14
- "Yoo-Hoo, Monsters!" (Doctor Who) TV Guide, June 10 p.14-15
- Zimmerman, Paul D. "Which Twin?" (The Other) Newsweek, June 5 p.98





## S F and the Cinema

**CANNES FESTIVAL** The 26th annual International Film Festival at Cannes mentioned only one American film in the top prizes which were announced on May 19. *Slaughterhouse-Five* was awarded a special jury prize, equivalent to a third prize. Grand jury prize went to Andrei Tarkovsky's film of Stanislaw Lem's *Solaris*, which was also given the Interfilm Prize by interdenominational Protestant representatives for its humanistic witness to man's conscience. The only other prize of science fictional interest was the Short Jury prize to the Belgian animated cartoon *Operation X 70*, a far out look at the U. S. army turning into angels when germ warfare unwittingly causes this effect.

Following are details on some films screened at Cannes:

**Malpertuis** United Artists release of Societe d'expansion du spectacle production. Directed by Harry Kumel. Starring Orson Welles, Susan Hampshire, Mathieu Carriere. Screenplay by Jean Ferry from book by Jean Ray. 110 min.

**Solaris** Sovexport release of Mosfilm production. Written and directed by Andrei Tarkovsky, from book by Stanislaw Lem. Starring Donatas Banionis and Natalia Bondarchuk. 165 min.

**Les Soleils de l'île de Paques** (The Suns of Easter Island) Films 13 release of L. C. Barreto-Telecinema Helivo Soto-Alexandra Films production. Written and directed by Pierre Kast. Starring Norma Bengel, Francoise Brion, Jacques Charrier, Maurice Garrel, Alexandra Stewart. 106 min.

**OTHER FESTIVALS** For the first time the Sydney Film Festival included three Australian feature films among the 38 entries from around the world. Their major contribution was *Shirley Thompson Versus the Aliens* (Kolossal Pictures production. Produced and directed by Jim Sharman. Starring Jane Harders. 104 min.) . . . The American feature entry in Cork Film International which opened on June 10 is *Slaughterhouse-Five* . . . While a U. S. entry in the Berlin Film Fest is *The Possession of Joel Delaney* . . . *A Clockwork Orange* will be going to the upcoming Venice Film Festival.

### NEWS AND NOTES

Artist Peter Max will design a full-length animated film, *Cosmic Adventures of Alice in Wonderland*, in a new interpretation of the Lewis Carroll classic for Folio One Productions. Work will start in October in London. They are currently negotiating with Kurt Vonnegut Jr. to write the screenplay . . . Charlton Heston will star in *Soylent Green*, a Walter Seltzer production for MGM based on Harry Harrison's novel, *Make Room, Make Room* . . . Michael Gruskoff and Douglas Trumbull will direct their original science fiction opus *Pyramid*, for MGM release . . . MGM has acquired the rights to Robert Bloch's novel *Night World*, for which he'll write the screenplay . . . Ray Harryhausen will co-produce and direct visual effects for *Sinbad's Golden Voyage*, a Charles H. Schneer production for Columbia . . . Heraldic Films president Robert B. Mansfield has gone to Rome for pre-production work on the company's *The Niece of Dr. Jekyll*.

The 1972 schedule from First Leisure Corporation includes *Tarzana* (Produced by Glen Hart, Directed by James Reed. Screenplay by Philip Shaw. Starring Ken Clark, Franca Polesello, Frank Ressel); *Bigfoot* (Producer Tony Cardoza, director Robert F. Slatzer. Starring Chris Mitchum, John Carradine, Joi Lansing, Lindsay Crosby. Rated GP); *The Werewolf vs. Vampire Woman* (Directed by Leon Klim. Written by James Mollin and Henry Munk. Starring Paul Nash, Gaby Fuchs and Andrew Reese); and *The Mad Butcher* (Producer Harry Hope, Director Guido Zurli. Screenplay by Charles Ross. Starring Victor Buono, Karin Field, Brad Harris).

In an apparent effort to avoid trouble with the California heirs and estate of Edgar Rice Burroughs, the Park-Miller Theatre in New York has been advertising its latest gay hardcore attraction in newspapers as *Tarzen* (sic) and the *Fearless Ones*, though title on the marquee is *Tarzan, the Fearless*, title of one of Burroughs' works.

Of the 351 films grossing above \$100,000 in the U. S. during 1971, many were of interest. They are, in order of ranking: 11. Willard; 17. Andromeda Strain; 29. Bedknobs 20



and Broomsticks; 31. Escape from the Planet of the Apes; 33. The Omega Man; 43. The Hellstrom Chronicle; 59. Wuthering Heights; 60. The Devils; 62. Pinocchio; 79. Brewster McCloud; 84. Brother John; 85. THX 1138; 88. Mephisto Waltz; 103. Dr. Phibes; 106. Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory; 111. 2001: A Space Odyssey; 112. When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth; 114. The House That Dripped Blood; 122. 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea; 149. Zachariah; 160. Return of Count Yorga; 163. Night of Dark Shadows; 195. The Incredible Two-Headed Transplant; 200. Fantasia; 207. The House That Screamed; 222. House of Wax; 241. Percy; 269. Yog, Monster from Space; 277. Murders in the Rue Morgue; 287. Simon King of the Witches; 291. Clockwork Orange; 293. Grimm's Fairy Tales for Adults; 300. Planet of the Apes/Beneath the Planet of the Apes; 303. Witchcraft 70; 305. Brotherhood of Satan; and 318. Marooned.

#### CURRENTLY IN RELEASE

- Ben** Cinerama release of Bing Crosby production. Directed by Phil Karlson. Screenplay by Gilbert A. Ralston, based on characters created by Stephen Gilbert. Starring Lee Harcourt Montgomery, Joseph Campanella, Arthur O'Connell. 93 min. Rating: PG. sequel to Willard.
- Beware the Blob** Jack H. Harris Enterprises release of Anthony Harris production. Directed by Larry Hagman. Screenplay by Jack woods and Anthony Harris from story by Richard Clair. Starring Robert Walker, Gwynne Gilford, Richard Stahl, Richard Webb. 88 min. Rating: GP. sequel to The Blob.
- Conquest of the Planet of the Apes** 20th Century-Fox release. Produced by Arthur P. Jacobs, directed by J. Lee Thompson, screenplay by Paul Dehn. Starring Roddy McDowall, Don Murray, Natalie Trundy, Hari Rhodes and Ricardo Montalban. 91 min. Rating: PG
- The Dead Are Alive** National General Pictures release. Directed by Armando Crispino. Screenplay by Lucio Battistrada and Crispino. Starring Alex Cord, Samantha Eggar, John Marley, Nadia Tiller, Horst Frank. 107 min. Rating: R
- Hands of the Ripper** Universal release of Hammer Films production. Directed by Peter Sasdy, screenplay by L. W. Davidson from a story by Edward Spencer Shew. Starring Eric Porter, Angharad Rees, Jane Merrow, Keith Bell. 85 min. Rating: R
- Happiness Cage** Cinerama release of International Film Ventures production. Produced by George Goodman, directed by Bernard Girard. Screenplay by Ron Whyte from play by Dennis Reardon. Starring Christopher Walken, Joss Ackland, Ralph Meeker. 94 min. Rating: PG
- Horror on Snape Island** Fanfare Corp. release of Grenadier Films production. Produced by Richard Gordon and directed by Jim O'Connolly. Based on original story by George Baxt. Starring Bryant Haliday, Jill Haworth, Anna Palk, Jack Watson, Mark Edwards, Derek Fowlds. 88 min. Rating: R
- Night of the Lepus** MGM release of A. C. Lyles production. Directed by William F. Claxton. Screenplay by Don Holliday and Gene R. Kearney, based on "Year of the Angry Rabbit," by Russell Braddon. Starring Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh, Rory Calhoun, DeForest Kelley, Paul Fix. 88 min. Rating: PG
- Now You See Him, Now You Don't** Buena Vista release of Ron Miller production. Directed by Robert Butler. Screenplay by Joseph McEveety from story by Robert King. Starring Kurt Russell, Cesar Romero, Joe Flynn, Jim Backus. 88 min. Rating: G
- The Other** 20th Century-Fox release of Robert Mulligan production. Directed by Mulligan. Screenplay by Thomas Tryon, based on his novel. Starring Uta Hagen, Diana Muldaur, Martin Udvarnoky, Chris Udvarnoky, Norma Connolly, Victor French. 100 min. Rating: PG
- The Pied Piper** Paramount release of David Puttnam-Sanford Lieberman production. Directed by Jacques Demy. Starring Jack Wild, Donald Pleasence, John Hurt, Donovan. 90 min. Rating: G
- The Possession of Joel Delaney** Paramount release of ITE production. Directed by Waris Hussein. Screenplay by Matt Robinson and Grimes Grice from novel by Ramona

*Continued on Page 24*



## New Books

### HARDCOVERS

- Anvil, Christopher **PANDORA'S PLANET** (exp. of 1956 short story) Doubleday, July \$5.95
- Asimov, Isaac **THE GODS THEMSELVES** (repr) SF Book Club, June \$1.98
- Berson, Harold, adapt. **HOW THE DEVIL GETS HIS DUE** (juv) Crown, May \$3.95
- Biggle, Lloyd Jr. **THE METALLIC MUSE: A Collection of Science Fiction Stories.** Doubleday, July \$5.95
- Blish, James **MIDSUMMER CENTURY** (repr) SF Book Club, June \$1.49
- Bloch, Robert **NIGHT-WORLD** (not sf) Simon & Schuster, July \$5.95
- Borrello, Alfred H. G. **WELLS: AUTHOR IN AGONY.** Southern Ill. Univ. Press \$5.95
- Brunner, John **FROM THIS DAY FORWARD** (coll) Doubleday, June \$5.95
- Buchanan, Marie **ANIMA** (supernat, repr Brit) St. Martin's Press, June \$4.95
- Caidin, Martin **CYBORG** (marg) Arbor House (distr. World), April \$6.95
- Clareson, Thomas **SCIENCE FICTION: an annotated checklist.** Kent State Univ. Press, June \$7.00
- Corbett, Scott **THE RED ROOM RIDDLE: a ghost story** (juv) Little, April \$4.95
- CURIOUS WOODCUTS OF FANCIFUL AND REAL BEASTS: A Selection of 190 sixteenth-century woodcuts from Gesner's and Topsell's natural histories** (Dover book rebound) P. Smith \$5.00
- Dickson, Gordon R. **THE OUTPOSTER.** Lippincott, July \$5.95
- Effinger, George Alec **WHAT ENTROPY MEANS TO ME.** Doubleday, June \$4.95
- Frank, Joseph, ed. **THE DOOMED ASTRONAUT** (history) Winthrop Publ, June \$4.95
- Freeman, Mae **SPACE BASE** (juv nf) Watts \$4.95
- Gerrold, David **WHEN HARLIE WAS ONE.** SF Book Club, July \$1.49
- Hardin, Garrett **EXPLORING NEW ETHICS FOR SURVIVAL: The Voyage of the Spaceship Beagle** (fic/nf) Viking, June \$8.95
- Harrison, Harry **TUNNEL THROUGH THE DEEPS.** Putnam, June \$5.95
- Hesse, Hermann **STRANGE NEWS FROM ANOTHER STAR** (fairy tales, tr) Farrar,

- June \$5.95
- Hodges, Margaret **THE GORGON'S HEAD: A Myth from the Isles of Greece** (juv) Little, March \$5.50
- Ionel, pseud. **GODD** (marg) Macmillan, Feb. \$6.95
- Le Nestour, Patrik **THE MYSTERY OF THINGS: Evocations of the Japanese Supernatural** (with 17 calligraph paintings by Akeji Sumiyoshi) Weatherhill (distr. Lippincott), April \$8.95; deluxe ed. \$325.00
- MacLagan, David **ADVENTURES INTO UNKNOWNNS** (juv fty, coll) Tuttle, May \$3.95
- Marder, Leslie **TIME AND THE SPACE-TRAVELLER** (nf) Univ. of Pa. Press, Jan. \$8.95
- Mumford, Edwin **FLIGHT OF THE STARFIRE; THE SECOND FLIGHT OF THE STARFIRE; THE THIRD FLIGHT OF THE STARFIRE.** Exposition, May \$4.00 each
- Naito, Hiroshi **LEGENDS OF JAPAN** (part supernat) Tuttle, May \$4.75
- Paine, Lauran **WITCHES IN FACT AND FANTASY** (repr Brit) Taplinger, May \$6.50
- Perrault, Charles **PERRAULT'S FAIRY TALES** (tr, juv) Doubleday, March \$5.95
- Pocock, Bryant Walker **THE MISTS OF ZWILLINGZEIT.** Vantage \$5.95
- Reida, Alvah **FAULT LINES** (marg) World, May \$7.95
- St. John, David **THE COVEN** (marg supernat) Weybright, June \$4.95
- Silverberg, Robert, ed. **THE DAY THE SUN STOOD STILL.** Nelson, June \$5.95
- Souza, Steven M. **THE ESPERS.** Lenox Hill, April \$3.95
- Stokes, H. A. C. **HAROLD IN HEAVENLAND.** Vantage \$5.95
- Theobald, Robert, ed. **FUTURES CONDITIONAL.** Bobbs, May \$6.95
- Watson, Colin **KISSING COVENS** (marg supernat, repr) Mystery Guild, August \$1.49
- Whitney, Thomas P., tr & comp. **IN A CERTAIN KINGDOM: twelve Russian fairy tales** (juv) Macmillan, April \$5.95
- Wolfe, Gene **THE FIFTH HEAD OF CERBERUS** (coll) Scribner, May \$5.95
- Wollheim, Donald A., ed. **THE 1972**



ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF (repr) SF Book Club, July \$1.98  
 Woodcock, George DAWN AND THE DARKEST HOUR: A Study of Aldous Huxley. Viking, June \$6.95  
 Zamyatin, Yevgeny. WE (tr from Russian by M. Ginsburg) Viking. May \$6.95

#### PAPERBACKS

Asimov, Isaac LUCKY STARR AND THE MOONS OF JUPITER (repr) Signet T4975, May 75¢  
 LUCKY STARR AND THE RINGS OF SATURN (repr) Signet T4976, May 75¢  
 THE SENSUOUS DIRTY OLD MAN (repr) Signet Y4940, June \$1.25  
 THE STARS, LIKE DUST (repr) Fawcett Crest T1713, June 75¢  
 VIEW FROM A HEIGHT (coll, nf, repr) Lancer 33020, June \$1.25  
 Bill, Alfred H. THE WOLF IN THE GARDEN (werewolf, repr) Centaur 75¢  
 Blatty, William Peter THE EXORCIST (repr, supernat) Bantam X7200, July \$1.75  
 Blish, James, adapt. STAR TREK 7. Bantam S7480 July 75¢  
 Brunner, John INTO THE SLAVE NEBULA (reissue) Lancer 75346, July 95¢  
 Burroughs, Edgar Rice THE ETERNAL SAVAGE (reissue) Ace 21802, June 75¢  
 Campbell, John W. CLOAK OF AESIR (coll, repr) Lancer 75333, June 95¢  
 Carr, Terry, ed. THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR. Ballantine 02672, July \$1.25  
 Carroll, Lewis ALICE IN WONDERLAND (play, adapt. by Manhattan Project) Dramatists Play \$1.50  
 Chandler, A. Bertram THE INHERITORS, and GATEWAY TO NEVER. Ace 37062, June 95¢  
 Compton, D. G. THE MISSIONARIES. Ace 53570, June 75¢  
 Culling, Louis T. OCCULT RENAISSANCE 1972-2008 (nf) Llewellyn \$1.00  
 Delany, Samuel R. THE FALL OF THE TOWERS (reissue) Aces 22641, June \$1.25  
 Dick, Philip K. VULCAN'S HAMMER (reissue) Ace 86608, May 75¢  
 Dickson, Gordon R. TACTICS OF MIS-TAKE (repr) DAW UQ1009, June 95¢  
 Disch, Thomas M., ed. THE RUINS OF EARTH (repr) Berkley N2175, June 95¢

Donis, Miles THE FALL OF NEW YORK (marg, repr) Lancer 78704, June \$1.25  
 Eklund, Gordon A TRACE OF DREAMS. Ace 82070, May 95¢  
 Elgin, Suzette Haden AT THE SEVENTH LEVEL. DAW UQ1010, June 95¢  
 Fairman, Paul W. THE FRANKENSTEIN WHEEL. Popular 01544, July 75¢  
 Farmer, Philip Jose FLESH (reissue) Signet T5097, July 75¢  
 LORD TYGER (repr) Signet Q5096, July 95¢  
 Fisher, Steve SAXON'S GHOST (marg supernat, repr) Pyramid N2711, May 95¢  
 Frank, Joseph, ed. THE DOOMED ASTRONAUT (history) Winthrop Publ, June \$2.95  
 Gardner, Matt THE CURSE OF QUINTANA ROO. Popular 01548, July 75¢  
 Gerrold, David SPACE SKIMMER. Ballantine 02644, June 95¢  
 WITH A FINGER IN MY I (coll) Ballantine 02645, June 95¢  
 Geston, Mark S. THE DAY STAR. DAW UQ1006, May 95¢  
 Hall, Hal W., comp SFBRI: SCIENCE FICTION BOOK REVIEW INDEX 1971. author (3608 Meadow Oaks Ln, Bryan, Tex. 77801) \$1.50  
 Harrison, Harry, ed. THE YEAR 2000 (repr) Berkley N2117, May 95¢  
 Hesse, Hermann STRANGE NEWS FROM ANOTHER STAR (fairy tales, tr) Farrar, June \$1.95  
 Hodgson, William Hope THE NIGHT LAND (ftv, repr) 2v. Ballantine 02669, 02670, July \$1.25 each  
 Kateb, George UTOPIA AND ITS ENEMIES (nf, repr) Schocken, May \$2.95  
 Kelley, Leo P. MINDMIX. Fawcett T2549, June 75¢  
 Klein, Gerard THE DAY BEFORE TOMORROW (tr) DAW UQ1011, June 95¢  
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 Kosinski, Jerzy BEING THERE (marg repr) Bantam Q7275, June \$1.25  
 Kubrick, Stanley STANLEY KUBRICK'S A CLOCKWORK ORANGE. Ballantine, July \$3.95  
 LeFebure, Charles DAUGHTERS OF THE DEVIL (coll) Ace 13887, May 95¢  
 LeGuin, Ursula K. ROCANNON'S WORLD (reissue) Ace 73291, May 75¢



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- Mahr, Kurt **PERRY RHODAN 14: Venus in Danger**. Ace 65983, June 60¢
- Malzberg, Barry N. **OVERLAY**. Lancer 75345, July 95¢
- Marriott, Alice & Carol K. Rachlin, comps. **AMERICAN INDIAN MYTHOLOGY**. Signet Mentor MY1145, June \$1.25
- Matheson, Richard **HELL HOUSE** (supernat repr) Bantam N7277, June 95¢
- Moorcock. Michael, ed. **NEW WORLDS QUARTERLY 4**. Berkley N2176, June 95¢
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- Stoutenburg, Adrien **OUT THERE** (repr) Dell 6778, April 75¢
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- SWORDSMEN AND SUPERMEN** (coll) Centaur 75¢
- Theobald, Robert, ed. **FUTURES CONDITIONAL** (nf) Bobbs n.p.
- Travers, P. L. **MARY POPPINS** (juv fty, repr) Harcourt Voyager, Spring \$1.45
- Vonnegut, Kurt Jr. **PLAYER PIANO** (reissue) Dell Delta. April \$2.25
- Williamson, Jack **SEETEE SHIP**, and **SEETEE SHOCK** (repr) Lancer 78706 June \$1.25
- Wollheim, Donald A. & Arthur W. Saha, eds. **THE 1972 ANNUAL WORLD'S BEST SF**. DAW UQ1005, May 95¢
- Wilson, Robin Scott **CLARION II: An Anthology of Speculative Fiction and Criticism from the Clarion Writers' Workshop**. Signet Q5056, June 95¢

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# S F AND THE CINEMA continued from Page 21

- Stewart. Starring Shirley MacLaine, Michael Horden, Edmundo Rivera Alvarez, Robert Burr, Miriam Colon, David Elliott, Jose Fernandez. 105 min. Rating: R
- Twins of Evil Universal release of Harry Fine production. Directed by John Hough. Screenplay by Tudor Gates based on characters created by J. Sheridan Le Fanu. Starring Peter Cushing, Harvey Hall, Alex Scott, Madelaine Collinson, Mary Collinson. 85 min. Rating: R
- Z. P. G. Paramount release of Sagittarius production. Produced by Thomas F. Madigan, directed by Michael Campus. Screenplay by Max Ehrlich and Frank de Felitta. Starring Oliver Reed, Geraldine Chaplin, Diane Cilento and Don Gordon. 95 min. Rating: PG

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**GROK MAGAZINE** *Grok: The Magazine of Speculative Fiction* will be a new paperback magazine for a general audience, aged 16-28 Editor Gustav Hasford (P.O. Box 659, Kelso, Wash. 98626) is now reading submissions.. Designed as an alternative to the existing prozines, *Grok* is aiming at a general college level audience, the members of which may or may not be regular sf readers. Mr. Hasford is looking for articles, fiction, humor and art dealing with science fiction, fantasy, horror, etc.



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## Meet Our Reviewers

**KRISTINE ANDERSON** Since my escape from Alice and Jerry into the works of Thornton W. Burgess at the age of seven, I have been devoted to all forms of escape literature. My addiction to science fiction and fantasy specifically began only five years ago, however, when a friend offered me a bibliography of his favorites.

I graduated from the University of Oregon with a B.A. in English and a Master's degree in Library Science. Published works consist of one 500-word sf story published in the "By You" section of American Girl magazine when I was fifteen (I do not recommend the story -- I did not realize I was writing sf at the time) and several reviews in the one-shot fanzine Dreegh.

I am a 26-year old spinster currently employed as a reference librarian at Boston's Northeastern University.

**GREG BEAR** Stands at six feet, one inch, dark blond hair, moderately athletic build, wears glasses over blue eyes, and is approximately twenty years old. Since age eight, I've been writing science fiction. It took me seven years to sell my first piece, and as of this date I've sold nothing else. I have a novel in first draft and ten short stories crowding each other for prioritization; a second novel seems to be on the way, and a third kicks at my pineal gland now and then. I've been drawing and painting since I can remember, and maybe in a few years I'll have something accomplished there. My interests include nearly all sciences (I lecture at a planetarium in San Diego every Sunday), an occasional desultory excursion into philosophy, classical and electronic music (from Mahler through Stockhausen and beyond on both edges), poetry, Greek and Russian literature (Kazantzakis and Tolstoy in particular). My favorite authors are Stapledon, Kazantzakis, Fowles and Bradbury. My current artists-to-be-studied are El Greco, Dali, Vermeer, Vasarely and Degas. I am a thorough-going serious sf fan, too thoroughly gone to be anything else. I teach, try to be agreeable, try to learn whenever possible, and I'm not a specialist. And I'm too young for a biography like this to really mean anything.

**SANDY DECKINGER** Age 28, married to fan Mike Deckinger for seven years. We live in San Francisco with our three cats. I've been interested in science fiction since I was nine and have been reading it steadily ever since. Most of my collection consists of juvenile science fiction. I like reading this field because it's from here that children are first introduced to science fiction. My one gripe with the field is "when are they going to integrate their characters!"

**YALE F. EDEIKEN** I have really led quite an uninteresting life. I was born, raised, and now live in Philadelphia. Attended Villanova University (A.B. in Sociology, 1968) and have completed two years of law school at the same place. Although I did not become active in fandom until 1969, I have been an avid reader and collector since first borrowing a paperback edition of Asimov's "Foundation" sometime in 1957.

**ROGER A. FREEDMAN** I'm probably only here because my dad used to read each and every issue of Astounding at his father's newsstand... as a result, he started me off reading the stuff, which four years ago led to my initiation into fandom (at least partially due to the efforts of Mr. Greg Bear, also of these pages). My current idiosyncracies include working on my bachelor's in astronomy at UCLA and hoping that someday I'll be able to leave this planet (temporarily, of course).

As to my qualifications as a reviewer -- I didn't know I had any when Ann Dietz offered me the position. Check the evidence and decide for yourself.



## Lilliputia

*THE DRAGON THAT LIVED UNDER MANHATTAN* by E. W. Hildick. Illus. by Harold Berson. Crown, 1970 64 p. \$3.95 Age level: 7-11

*THE DRAGON'S HANDBOOK* by Barbara Rinkoff. Illus. by Kelly Oechli. Scholastic Book Services, 1971, c.1966. 112 p. 60¢ Age level: 7-11

*TIMI, THE TALE OF A GRIFFIN* by Barbara C. Freeman. Illus. by Marvin Bileck. A W. W. Norton Book published by Grosset & Dunlap, 1970. 48 p. \$4.50 Age level: 7-11

For youngsters who like dragon stories, here's a choice of three.

*The Dragon That Lived Under Manhattan* is really from a mountainous country in Europe, having come to the U. S. with a Prince to participate in an ice show. The show backfires and he's hiding out from police, firemen and the bean sprout growers of Chinatown (he's a vegetarian and bean sprouts are his favorite food) in an old directors car in an abandoned section of the subway. However, don't think this is just another one of those "subway rumblings are imaginary dragon" books. Indeed, it may all be imaginary to Jimmy, who immediately upon planting a tooth in Central Park, discovers the Prince and learns about the Dragon, but it's still a good story and has lots of interesting twists. Inevitably, the Dragon and city officials meet and the former proves his worth by performing such underground chores as drying up a troublesome stream under Washington Square and rescuing animals from and finding murder weapons in the sewers.

Culhane is the name of the dragon who lost his handbook under an apple tree where Brian found it. It contains hundreds of formulas, but Formula 1: Directions for Shooting Flames, is the one Brian decides would help him with his problem which is big Bully Tim. Culhane is lazy and not very helpful and insists Formula 1 is the hardest to learn. He convinces Brian to try some others; Formulas 261 and 427 don't work but 323: Making Opponents Appear Foolish by Trickery, does work. The book is preachy since the story is nothing more than a coverup, and a flimsy, obvious one at that, for a lesson in dealing with problems. The lesson isn't even effective, as Brian's solution to dealing with Tim is to tickle him, and how does learning this technique equip readers of this book to deal with the more real bullies they will meet as adults?

A Griffin, having the head and wings of an eagle and the body of a lion, is not a dragon, you say, and therefore *Timi* should not be reviewed here? But there is a dragon too, an Imperial Chinese Dragon, who saves Timi (her real name is Timidity), a young Griffin who can't fly, from the evil Carving Knife, who is head cook for the Queen living in the Old Palace in the village in the valley. And besides, people in the story are always mistaking Timi for a dragon. One thing for sure, the readers of this book will know the difference between a griffin and a dragon. This pleasing story of how Timi overcame her timidity and fears is told in a fairy tale format with line drawings for illustrations.

—Joyce Post

*BASIL AND THE PYGMY CATS* by Eve Titus. Illus. by Paul Galdone. McGraw-Hill, 1971. 96 p. \$4.95 Age level: 8-11

Basil is a mouse who lives in Sherlock Holmes' cellar and makes a profession of parodying that great detective. In this book, Basil travels to the Orient to restore the Maharaja of Bengistan to his rightful throne, which has been usurped by Basil's arch-enemy, Professor Ratigan. Since he is going in the right direction anyway, he decides to indulge his archaeology hobby as well and solve the mystery of an ancient golden goblet picturing the mouse-goddess Elotana being worshipped by mouse-sized cats.

Mice should enjoy this fantasy of power and revel in the exploits of a hero who gets around in spite of the inconvenience of having to sneak rides. Children may be entranced for the same reasons. Adults may enjoy it as a parody, although it has been so long since I read any Doyle I am not really qualified to judge. Actually, the book sounds as if it could be easily transposed into a cartoon of higher quality than those usually available on TV. I wonder if it's been done?

—Kristine Anderson



## Reviews

*NEW DIMENSIONS I: Fourteen Original Science Fiction Stories*, edited by Robert Silverberg. Doubleday, 1971. xi, 246 p. \$5.95 (includes Nebula and Hugo nominees)

Oh, Lord, here we go with yet another hardcover collection of original stories. On general principles I'm against this sort of thing done as a series, not just because it takes stories away from the magazines, but because these various series will in a sense become annual (or whatever) magazines, competing with each other for original stories and being required to have a certain word count whether or not the words are worth reading. It's probably easier to sell a series concept to a publisher than several 'one-shots' of original stories but the danger in a series is when the first few set the tone and style. Already one can speak of an "Orbit story" and convey meaning. Mr. Silverberg claims he will attempt to tread the narrow path between the trite and traditional science fiction and the unreadable and obscure new stuff, selecting works which are both literate and mind-stimulating. Good luck, fella, but try not to get in a rut.

Actually, this first number is pretty good. The best story is Ursula K. LeGuin's "Vaster than Empires and More Slow." Mme LeGuin is so good it's almost unfair to other authors to appear in the same book with her—almost everyone else pales by comparison. Each story in this collection is pretty good of its kind. I don't care for all the kinds represented, though. My own favorites were Alex & Phyllis Eisenstein's "The Trouble with the Past," Leonard Tushnet's "A Plague of Cars," Harry Harrison's "The Wicked Flee," Philip Jose Farmer's "The Sliced-Crosswise Only-on-Tuesday World," Gardner Dozois' "A Special Kind of Morning," and Doris Buck's "The Giberel." Each of the stories is unique and—well, read the book and see for yourself. It's a winner.

—J. B. Post

*BROKE DOWN ENGINE AND OTHER TROUBLES WITH MACHINES* by Ron Goulart. Macmillan, 1971. 192 p. \$5.95

From the singing computer in "Broke Down Engine" through the beautiful android "Princess 22" and the bureaucratic snarl in a world where "Nobody Starves," these stories present the somewhat chilling picture of a future in which mankind's mechanical servants turn on him by becoming defective or make life impossible for an individual because his problems don't fit their programs. Picture if you will an android author of best sellers who sends parts of himself to his fans, or Lofthouse—the only totally computerized house in existence which is capable of doing magic. Then try to imagine living in Lofthouse . . .

All is not gloom, however. Ron Goulart has enough of a sense of humor to show the reader how ludicrous it would be for humanity to become so entranced with the cogs and gears and transistors of its new toy that the 'toy' was permitted to become a substitute for human creativity, imagination, and responsibility. I only wish I had known about this book last fall when all those young-teen types were bombarding the library with requests for descriptions of life in the future.

—Charlotte Moslander

*THE HOUSE IN NOVEMBER* by Keith Laumer. Putnam, 1970. 192 p. \$4.95 (paperback: Berkley S1998, 1971. 75¢)

There are Keith Laumer fans in this world. I know. I've met them. But I don't understand them completely. I may be judging Laumer on the wrong set of standards, but there is one unforgivable crime in writing science fiction: boring the reader.

There is nothing new in this book. It is a rehash of reordered-society-type paranoias, with Russians and Americans working together to prevent an imagined Chinese invasion. Our hero, Jeff Mallory (fine Anglo-Saxon name; Harry Harrison once bawled me out for having a story replete with Anglo-Saxon heroes) is transferred into this world mysteriously, and from that point on we have Laumerdrama.

What Laumer may need occasionally (I mean, seriously, there is a good writer in that pile of pulp worth saving) is a good, solid shock, like an editor telling him about Sturgeon's Law.

—Greg Bear



There is an old joke whose punch line is "But what do you do for an encore?" This could have been asked of Mr. Ellison after *Dangerous Visions* was published. In one sense there can be no encore to *Dangerous Visions* because, for better or for worse, our little field has been changed by the publication of *Dangerous Visions*. It's a little like asking a girl when she's going to be deflowered (hideous euphemism) again. She can go on to bigger and better things but can never regain her 'innocence.' Again, *Dangerous Visions* is bigger and maybe better than *Dangerous Visions*. But Harlan isn't done yet, he has *The Last Dangerous Visions* in the works.

I am sure, dear reader, that as you looked at the price of this weighty tome you thought "Holy Mother of Wilbur Whately! THIRTEEN CLAMS!!!" That is a lot of money but this is a lot of book: it's better than three *Orbits*, it's bigger than three *Orbits*, so it has to cost more than three *Orbits*; the galleys (from which I reviewed) are as fat as the Sunday *New York Times* and I nearly got a hernia carrying them around. (Speaking of galleys, there are all sorts of hilarious typos in galleys which, hopefully, the general reading public never sees in the finished book—a reviewer has to assume all such errors will be corrected and shouldn't mention them, so I won't.) One might complain that this should really be two volumes (how about *The Son of Dangerous Visions* and *The Return of Dangerous Visions*?) but the publisher probably made the correct choice when factors like marketing costs are considered.

OK, gang, what do you get for your money? There are forty-two, count 'em, 42, items, every one original. Each item has an introduction by Harlan and an afterword by the author. If someone who failed Freshman English may hazard a literary opinion, the quality of these items is outstanding. By internal standards, the merely fair items would be outstanding if published elsewhere. Oh, there were a few items which I didn't like and I did become jaded halfway through but this is a monumental anthology. In case you're wondering why I use the term 'item' it's because Ray Bradbury contributes a poem and there are three 'story clusters' counted as one item each.

Since the contents are all original and many of the names of authors are not all that familiar it would be a waste of space to list the contents, so let me search my soul and beat my breast and try to note the ones I liked best. Well, now, let's see—there was Ursula K. Le Guin's "The Word for World is Forest" a great piece of anthropological sf; Andrew Offutt's "For Value Received" about hospital bills; Ray Nelson's "Time Travel for Pedestrians" which put me off with the opening masturbation scene but which proved to be magnificent once the author had proved his emancipation and got down to writing; Piers Anthony's "In the Barn"; Lee Hoffman's "Soundless Evening" which really got to me and is partially responsible for my relationship with my three year old son changing; and . . . and . . . and . . . . Some of the names worth mentioning as contributors are Ross Rocklynne, Gene Wolfe, Chad Oliver, Kate Wilhelm, Joanna Russ, Kurt Vonnegut, H. H. Hollis, Bernard Wolfe, Gahan Wilson, Leonard Tushnet, Ben Bova, Dean Koontz, James Blish (yeah, that was another really good one), Thomas Disch, Richard Lupoff, and Terry Carr. And that's not all of the authors, just those with recognizable names, if not talent.

But all is not sweetness and light. Some of the items I didn't like, some I thought could be better, many of Harlan's introductions were the usual Harlan mixture of brilliance and shit, and one afterword was in poor taste. Three times Harlan attacks librarians: Bruce Pelz, Fred Lerner, I, and a few others can attack librarians (and Lord knows there is enough stupidity about sf in my chosen so-called profession) but I rather do resent outsiders knocking us. And Bernard Wolfe, while a fine writer, has no good cause to bad-mouth science fiction the way he does. Again, let those of us, like Harlan, who have come up through the ranks say the thing which must be said. And it is somewhat annoying when Harlan distinguishes between 'amateur' and 'unknown.' Harlan, old boy, one of the unique features of sf is that so many of the professionals (in the sense of writing for money) are still amateurs (in the sense of writing for the love of sf). Tom Purdom thinks sf authors give away too much of their time to speak free or write in fanzines. Biggest bunch of amateur professionals in the business.



When all is said and done, this is still a mind-boggling collection of material. Because of the introductions and afterwords this may ultimately become a source for the study of modern literature but in the meantime it should be read for the stories. At the price most people are going to have to try to convince their local libraries to buy this work. (See, Harlan, you insult fans and librarians and won't be nobody left to buy your dumb book.) It will be a tough fight but will be well worth it. And read in small doses because *Again, Dangerous Visions* is like wine, if you become drunk on it you can't really appreciate it. Harlan Ellison is a fantastic editor and I hope when he finishes *The Last Dangerous Visions* he will go on to edit many more (a little smaller in format but more of them, please) collections of fine stories. See, Harlan. not everyone in Philadelphia is like Mrs. Blittmon. Now please excuse me while I go rest my eyes—and my mind.

—J. B. Post

*SPACE FOR HIRE* by William F. Nolan. *Lancer* 74778. 1971. 174 p. 75¢

If ever a character wackier than Sam Space has been created, I have yet to read about him. Sam is a tough-talking detective whose run of adventures overwhelms the imagination. Mice capture him, a time tinkerer bounces him from universe to universe, and a lush redhead seduces him. He's drugged, tortured and fatally shot, all during a wild goose chase to save the Solar System. Yet Sam is irrepressible and irresistible. He is, in his own words, "a sucker for a sob story, but he's nobody's patsy."

This is really a wild book, from the author of *Logan's Run*.

—Kathi Gurnett

*THE THRONE OF SATURN* by Allen Drury. Avon J127, March 1972. 733 p. \$1.50 (hardcover: Doubleday, 1971 \$7.95)

Once upon a time there was a Washington correspondent named Allen Drury who wrote *Advise and Consent*, one of the best political novels of our times.

Unfortunately, the Pulitzer Prize went to his head. Also he decided he had a Mission to save America from the liberals. So ever since, he has been writing sequels, each one worse than the one before it, to expose the liberal menace and its supposed Communist ties.

*The Throne of Saturn* is his most recent. It came out in hardcover, but why not do science fiction fans a favor and give them the paperback credits so they'll be cheated less if they do decide to buy it? The only reason they'd want to is that it has something to do with the space program.

Drury's had a hard time shoeorning this one into his series. In *Advise and Consent* the Russians go to the moon first, remember? Anyway, *The Throne of Saturn* has to do with America's first expedition to Mars, but the Russians are even nastier now. First they try to keep it from getting off the ground (through their control of the liberal press, of course); then, when that fails, they stage an ambush at the moon.

Unlike *Advise and Consent*, which represented a wealth of research into American political life, *The Throne of Saturn* contains nothing but stereotypes and cliches. There are the Right-thinking Conservatives vs. the Communist dupes, right down the line (even strikes at Cape Kennedy are blamed on Communist motives, instead of the union's own economic greed).

Col. Conrad Trasker, mission commander of Planetary Fleet One, is the main hero. J. V. Halleck, a spineless black astronaut, is a principal villain, as is Percy Mercy, a left-wing journalist apparently intended to represent I. F. Stone. (Ever notice, by the way, how left-wing and right-wing political novels are identical, except that heroes and villains change places?)

Drury must think the Russians are pretty stupid to risk their prestige by ambushing a peaceful Mars expedition (he also thinks Luna 15's mission in 1969 must have been to shoot down Apollo XI). But he also thinks they're so invincibly clever that they can get the entire press to disbelieve the surviving astronauts' story. Oh well, he doesn't know much about Mars, either.

Barry Malzberg ought to love the conclusion. Trasker talks the government into arming future American expeditions. Further ammunition for Malzberg's next novel about how the space program is a fascist plot.

—John J. Pierce



*THE TIME SHIFTERS* by Sam Merwin, Jr. *Lancer* 74776, 1971. 173 p. 75¢

While time travel is a common idea in science fiction, rarely has it been handled as well as Sam Merwin does in his novel, *The Time Shifters*. It is the story of how Chuck Percival and his friends battle against an organization determined to set Black America back fifty years. Merwin brings the problems of integration and racism into focus.

A fascinating book for anyone who wishes to take a look into the possible future.

—Kathi Gurnett

*THE WIND FROM THE SUN: Stories of the Space Age*, by Arthur C. Clarke. *Harcourt*, April. 76 galley leaves \$5.95

These nineteen stories represent the short story output of Arthur C. Clarke during the 1960's. Well, that's about all one can say, Clarke being Clarke. "A Meeting with Medusa" is my favorite, I might add. Just for the record the stories are "The Food of the Gods," "Maelstrom II," "The Shining Ones," "The Wind from the Sun," "The Secret," "The Last Command," "Dial F for Frankenstein," "Reunion," "Playback," "The Light of Darkness," "The Longest Science-Fiction Story Ever Told," "Herbert George Morley Roberts Wells, Esq.," "Love That Universe," "Crusade," "The Cruel Sky," "Neutron Tide," "Transit of Earth," "When the Twerms Came," and "A Meeting with Medusa." Clarke being Clarke, this is a collection worth reading.

—J. B. Post

*ABYSS* by Kate Wilhelm. *Doubleday*, 1971. 158 p. \$4.95

This book contains two rather 1950-ish novellas, both of which deal with ordinary twentieth century American people as they encounter something beyond the normal range of their experience.

"The Plastic Abyss" deals with a woman who finds herself existing in two places at once. Very slowly and subtly she becomes detached from reality. Suspense is built up as the reader wonders what will happen when she meets her double, which seems to be the direction in which the story is heading. But we are not so rewarded. The entire story fizzles out into boredom, then confusion, then disgust on the part of the reader. Nothing is resolved; the story really has no ending and all the loose ends just hang there. What Miss Wilhelm is trying to do here is tell a story of the edges of reality, where you can't quite tell what is or is not a product of her imagination. This is certainly the state her protagonist is in, but she seems to lack the delicate skill to pull something like this. Arthur Machen was quite good at it, but she isn't. All other attempts at stories like this that I have seen have also failed, inevitably at the ending, since a story like this is very very hard to conclude properly. An example that comes to mind is Allison Harding's "City of Lost People," which appeared in *Weird Tales* in 1948. The situation was basically the same. Average everyday person finds something basic is wrong with his perception of reality. Instead of living double, Harding's character found that he was the only man alive. Entire cities were mysteriously deserted at one minute, then normally populated again later. Harding couldn't end his story, so he tried to bring in a pseudo-scientific explanation (the protagonist was dead off and on, or something like that) and failed miserably. "The Plastic Abyss" takes an opposite direction, as Miss Wilhelm explains nothing—which is even more unsatisfying. Both stories, especially the Wilhelm have fine moments of dream-like eeriness, but neither manages to resolve itself within the subjective terms of the protagonist. This is why "The Plastic Abyss" fails now, and "City of Lost People" failed 23 years ago. Ability to do it is why *The Hill of Dreams* succeeded. It should be required reading for Kate Wilhelm before she tries something like this again.

"Stranger in the House" is much better. I suppose the reason is that it deals with more objective phenomena, and Miss Wilhelm's strengths are all displayed and none of her weaknesses are brought to bear. This is an alien-contact story, and she is very good with her alien viewpoints and characterizations. Simply, it is the story of an alien who has been living under a country house for years, trying to contact Earth people, but each time it tries its mental touch horrifies and/or drives the contactee insane. Stories circulate about the house



being haunted, but finally someone guesses at the truth. The story is well and tautly unfolded, with alien viewpoints contrasted skillfully against those of fully realized human characters, and it makes for a memorable reading experience.

—Darrell Schweitzer

#### ALSO RECEIVED:

- Being There, by Jerzy Kosinski. Bantam Q7275, June. \$1.25 (orig: Harcourt Brace, 1971 \$4.95) Nebula nominee
- Beware the Kindly Stranger, by Clarissa Ross. Lancer 75353, July. 95¢ (supernat, orig 1970)
- Cloak of Aesir, by John W. Campbell. Lancer 75333, June. 95¢ (orig: 1952)
- Doc Savage 68: Quest of the Spider, by Kenneth Robeson. Bantam S6992, May. 75¢
- Doc Savage 69: The Mystery in the Snow, by Kenneth Robeson. Bantam S7035, July. 75¢
- The Dragon Masters, and The Five Gold Bands, by Jack Vance. Ace 16640, April. 95¢
- The Exorcist, by William Peter Blatty. Bantam X7200, July. \$1.75 (orig: Harper and Row, 1971 \$6.95)
- The Feather Duster; a Fairy Tale Musical, by Rumer Godden from the tales of Hans Christian Andersen. Dramatic Publishing Co., 1972 (c1964) \$1.50
- Galactic Cluster, by James Blish. Signet T4965, April. 75¢ (4 ptg, orig: 1959)
- The Game-Players of Titan, by Philip K. Dick. Ace 27310, April. 75¢ (orig: 1963)
- Hex, by Arthur H. Lewis. Pocket Books 77156, June. 95¢ (3 ptg, 1 ptg reviewed LUNA Monthly 21; hardcover: Trident, 1969 \$4.95)
- Into the Slave Nebula, by John Brunner. Lancer 75346, July. 95¢ (orig: 1968)
- Lucky Starr and the Moons of Jupiter, by Isaac Asimov. Signet T4975, May. 75¢ (orig: Doubleday, 1957)
- Lucky Starr and the Rings of Saturn, by Isaac Asimov. Signet T4976, May. 75¢ (orig: Doubleday, 1958)
- The Methuselah Enzyme, by Fred Mustard Stewart. Bantam T6532, June. \$1.50 (hardcover: Arbor House, 1970 \$5.95)
- Occult Renaissance 1972-2008, by Louis T. Culling. Llewellyn, 1972. \$1.00
- Orcrest, no. 6 (special C. S. Lewis issue) Editor: Richard West (614 Langdon Street, Madison, Wis. 53703) \$1.00
- People from the Other World, by Henry S. Olcott. Tuttle, 1972. \$8.25 (repr of 1875 ed)
- Perry Rhodan 11: The Planet of the Dying Sun, by Kurt Mahr. Ace 65980, March. 60¢
- Perry Rhodan 12: The Rebels of Tuglan, by Clark Darlton. Ace 65981, April. 60¢
- Saxon's Ghost, by Steve Fisher. Pyramid N2711, May. 95¢ (hardcover: Sherbourne, 1969 \$5.95)
- SFBRI: Science Fiction Book Review Index 1971, by Hal W. Hall. author (3608 Meadow Oaks Lane, Bryan, Tex. 77801) 1971. \$1.50
- Science Fiction in College: a Survey of Courses Offered, by Jack Williamson. author (Box 761, Portales, N.M. 88130) 75¢ (rev. ed)
- Secret of the Pale Lover, by Clarissa Ross. Lancer 75350, July. 95¢ (supernat, orig: 1969)
- The Seedling Stars, by James Blish. Signet T4964, April. 75¢ (4 ptg, orig: Gnome Press, 1957)
- Seetee Ship, and Seetee Shock, by Jack Williamson. Lancer 78706, June. \$1.25 (c.1949, 1951)
- The Stars, Like Dust, by Isaac Asimov. Fawcett Crest T1713, June. 75¢ (orig: Doubleday, 1951)
- The Touch of Death, by John Creasey. Lancer 75237, Oct. 1971. (hardcover: Walker, 1969 \$4.50 reviewed LUNA Monthly 16)
- The Witch and the Priest, by Hilda Lewis. Lancer 78689, Nov. 1971. (hardcover: McKay, 1970 \$4.95)
- The Witches' Almanac Aries 1972-Pisces 1973, ed. by Elizabeth Pepper and John Wilcock. Grosset & Dunlap, June. \$1.00
- Wondermakers: an Anthology of Classic Science Fiction, ed. by Robert Hoskins. Fawcett Premier M561, May. 95¢